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New Masses

Massacres of American Jews Set for September!

THE POGROM LEADER'S BOAST

By Porter Niles

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New Masses

AUGUST 18, 1936

Redfield

"Here comes that man again!"

The C.I.O. Decision

THE record of the A.F. of L. bureaucracy headed by William Green has for years been an unsavory one. It has sabotaged every genuine movement to unionize great masses of unorganized workers. It has prevented the organization of a Farmer-Labor Party. It has done everything in its power to betray the interests of American labor.

Last week its treachery reached a climax in the "suspension" of the ten unions affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization, headed by John L. Lewis. The issue is clear enough. The A.F. of L. bureaucrats want to keep the narrow craft unions on which their personal power is based. The C.I.O. wants to organize the mass-production industries on the basis of one industrial union for each industry. The A.F. of L. has failed to organize steel; the C.I.O. has actually begun to organize steel.

The A.F. of L. bureaucrats have been unable to defeat the progressive movement headed by the C.I.O. They have therefore resorted to legalistic maneuvers.

First the bureaucrats demanded that the C.I.O. dissolve. When this demand was quite properly ignored, the bureaucrats put the C.I.O. unions "on trial." It was a strange trial indeed. Most of the "defendants" were not even present, which suited William Green and his crowd down to the ground. Then the reactionary A.F. of L. council voted to suspend ten unions by September 5 if they did not withdraw from the C.I.O.

By this trick, Green, Woll, Hutcheson, Frey, and the rest are trying to prevent the C.I.O. unions from participating in the November convention of the A.F. of L. The unions may have their federation charters revoked without effective opposition. The "suspension" is direct proof that the A.F. of L. leaders do not dare to submit the C.I.O. issue to a full convention of the trade unions. Under the pretext of fighting "minority rule" and "dual unionism," the Green crowd exercises minority rule and moves toward compelling dual unionism.

John L. Lewis has characterized the "suspension" as an act "of incredible and crass stupidity, dictated by personal selfishness and frantic fear." William Z. Foster, leader of the epochal 1919 steel strike, says the "suspension" is a "great crime against the working class."

Lewis is not taking it lying down. He has announced that the C.I.O. will proceed with its work of organizing steel. It will also fight to organize auto, textile, electrical manufacture, glass, chemical, metal mining, oil, and gas. In these industries, the C.I.O. expects to organize 4,000,000 workers. With 1,000,000 workers already enrolled in the unions affiliated with it, the C.I.O. will thus have a total of 5,000,000, or nearly three times as many as the number now controlled by the A.F. of L. bureaucrats. And it will represent the most effective elements of progress in the American trade-union movement.

Fascist Trickery in Greece

IN Greece General John Metaxas has availed himself of a device which has become universal among reactionaries. He has sought to blind the people to the true conflict of the day, the struggle between fascist despotism and democracy, by invoking the as yet non-existent threat of proletarian revolution. But the General will find it rather hard to convince the world, much less the people of Greece, that a "Communist plot" moved him to dissolve Parliament, establish martial law, and assume personal charge

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of the Ministries of War, Navy, Air, and Foreign Affairs.

The real forces which promoted his fascist coup have been all too evident. Rightist landowners and capitalists led by such men as Mavromachilis, millionaire sponsor of the monarchist-fascist organizations of Greece, have long urged the military to take a stronger hand against the labor movement, the peasants, and small proprietors, all of whom were seeking economic redress. The intriguing hand of Adolf Hitler has been no less visible. A government which is "stable" according to Nazi standards and is headed by Dictator Metaxas, who has lost none of the admiration for German imperialism which he acquired as a member of the kaiser's general staff during the World War, provides Hitler with an excellent base in southeastern Europe. Nor is it to be thought that the British Foreign Office, boss over Greece's King George, was unaware of Metaxas's plans.

The Greek Liberal Party, founded by Venizelos, bears heavy responsibility for the momentary success of the fascists. For despite the admonitions of the working-class parties, it supported the Metaxas cabinet and entrusted it with the future welfare of parliamentary government. Repeatedly the People's Front deputies, who held the balance of power in Parliament with their fifteen votes, offered to coöperate with the Liberals in the formation of a new government. But the Liberals refused to accept this offer and continued to uphold Metaxas. Today the Greek Liberals, their electoral mandates brought to naught by Dictator Metaxas, can testify to the effectiveness of fighting reaction by trying to appease it.

Jesse Owens Exposed

WHAT Jesse Owens needs is a good stiff concentration camp. The man has deliberately ridiculed *der Führer*. Everybody knows that an Aryan cannot be beaten at anything—certainly not by a Negro. Yet along comes this bumptious person and runs off with one Olympic medal after another, right under *der Führer's* nose.

But the German people are not so easily fooled. They know that Owens didn't really win, because *der Führer* shakes hands with winners and he certainly didn't shake hands with Mr. Owens. He ducked out of the stadium whenever he saw Owens approaching.

And they have newspapers in Germany, too, that explain the whole thing. Jesse Owens and his Negro running mates don't even appear on the front sheet, which usually is taken up with a picture of a German, or perhaps a Finn, under the caption: "The First White Man to Finish." That's what counts. The Negroes are merely the "black auxiliaries" which the Americans brought along to take advantage of the superior Germans. That's what it says in Dr. Goebbels's *Angriff*.

But after all, it might be suggested by some undisciplined persons, these "black auxiliaries" did run the fastest and jump the farthest, didn't they? Yes, but that's because they are really "splendid beasts," it's because of their bones. Several Germans explained it all to one of the American correpondents. You see, "the Negro race is extraordinarily adept at running because of a certain peculiar conformation of their bones." The same correspondent also got wind of some English reports that the "Americans runners have undergone certain operations on their legs to increase their speed." All this is distinctly educational. Travel is always broadening, but nowhere quite as broadening as in the land of the swastika.

Lincoln Steffens

LINCOLN STEFFENS, who, in his seventieth year, died this week of heart failure, will be mourned by the many friends who loved him and by thousands of men and women the world over who knew him as a great champion of truth and freedom. To the NEW MASSES, his death comes as a special shock, for he has been near and dear to us during the twenty-five years of the magazine's existence. He was the political and literary godfather of John Reed, the friend of Bob Minor, the counsellor of Floyd Dell; and this interest in the NEW MASSES persisted to the very end.

During the first quarter of the twentieth century, Steffens stood out as America's great reporter. But he went beyond the recording of observed experience. He generalized and took sides. It took enormous courage and insight to be a muckraker in the era of Roosevelt the First: but many of the early muckrakers, exhausted by their only clash with the System, ended as its apologists. Not so Lincoln Steffens. To him every fresh experience was a step toward a luminous grasp and brave transmission of the laws of contemporary society.

Only a few weeks ago Steffens wrote in his *Pacific Weekly* column: *the "news" is not enough; it takes history to read history aright.* No man had a better right to type those words than Steffens; they epitomized his life. Following that maxim from the beginning of his career, he was able to move from the eighteenth-century liberalism which was his heritage to its logical twentieth-century conclusion. Toward the end, reading his history aright, he described himself as an "ex-liberal." He was convinced that the only solution for America today is Communism.

The Yosemite Conference

THOSE who have matters to conceal will be at a disadvantage at the Yosemite Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, where Far Eastern affairs will be publicly discussed during the latter part of August. They will have to meet the issues which arise out of the Far Eastern crisis or stand guilty in public of having evaded them.

The Japanese delegation will be headed by Kenkishi Yoshizawa, former Foreign Minister and wily apologist for Japan's imperialist program. Dr. Huh Shih, Chinese philosopher, will lead Nanking's delegation and ex-Premier Albert Sarraut will represent France. The United States and the Soviet Union are also sending Far Eastern experts.

The issues before the delegates have been sharply drawn by Japan's uninterrupted penetration in Northern China and were accentuated recently by naval maneuvers which reveal Tokio's designs upon the Chinese coastal province of Fukien. The alternatives are unmistakable: a free and independent China or Japanese domination of all Eastern Asia. Furthermore, since it affects the security of the Soviet Union and the interests of the United States and European powers, continued Japanese expansion threatens a major war in the Far East.

In China the growing people's movement for united resistance to Japan is already a formidable obstacle to Tokyo's aggressive plans. This movement must be reinforced by collective action for peace on the part of the United States, Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union.

Confronted by a combined array of these forces, Japanese imperialism could be made to yield in its warlike

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aims. The Yosemite Conference can help to arouse public opinion in this country in favor of American entrance into such a peace front.

Love-Tapping the Black Legion

WHEN the shocking news of the Black Legion's terror first swept across the country, more than two months ago, all decent citizens hoped for a swift and drastic attack that would forever crush that band of cutthroats. Now the first case has been disposed of. Net result: three Legion officers have been freed, three convicted, not of kidnapping, not of murder, not even of assault, but of "false imprisonment." At most they may be sentenced to five years in jail, and they may get off with heavy fines.

This was the weakest of the Black Legion cases, since the apparently terrified victim of the mob, Robert Penland, denied he had been flogged, contrary to the story of one of the defendants. All six prisoners changed their story during the trial, in fact, and maintained that their earlier statements were perjured. There are to be no further prosecutions for perjury.

The important aspect of the prosecution so far, however, is the fact that the major cases have yet to be tried, although Prosecutor McCrea has indicated his readiness to proceed. By starting with the weakest case, a chance has been lost to deal a telling blow against the murderous Legion. Much of the tonic effect will be lost by dragging the cases out over a long period of time. More than fifty men remain to be tried on charges of kidnapping, arson, and murder, including those charged with the brutal slaying of Charles Poole. Delay in trying the Poole case has been traced to interference by Republican Attorney-General Crowley. The citizens of Michigan would do well not to wait until the terror breaks out again before demanding sweeping action.

The Guild Joins the A.F. of L.

THE old myth that white-collar workers, and newspaper workers in particular, cannot be organized into trade unions has been decently buried at last with the formal admittance of the American Newspaper Guild into the A.F. of L. The Guild, which in the past three years has proved itself to be both militant and progressive, augments the bloc within the A.F. of L. that can be counted on to fight the autocratic, reactionary policies of the present executive committee. Pledged to support industrial unionism, to forward a program of unemployment relief, to resist reaction by supporting a broad people's Farmer-Labor Party, the Guild should add strength to that group opposed to the weakening of the Federation.

With the Guild's formal recognition as an A.F. of L. union, Roy Howard, president of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, openly joins the bloc of employers who would prevent effective organization of editorial workers. In a letter to employees of the *World-Telegram,* Mr. Howard gives "reasons" for refusing to recognize the Guild. Of course, he is all for collective bargaining, but the Guild is "injecting new issues." Mr. Howard objects to what he calls the Guild's closed-shop demand, to "even suggestion by the Guild to its members of any political or other dogma," and, not surprisingly, to the Guild's wage and hour proposals. In reply, the Guild points out that it asks preferential, not closed, shop. It does not require its members to support any political party or dogma, though it seeks the fullest freedom for its members to tell the truth as they see it. It seeks decent and fair minimum wages and improved working conditions and hours.

Roy Howard cannot scare the Guild by threats. The answer is to build a strong industrial union in the newspaper industry. That the Guild will take such action is indicated both by the resolution supporting industrial unionism passed at the June convention, and by Heywood Broun's reply to William Green when Green defended the action of the A.F. of L.'s executive board in threatening suspension of the C.I.O. Broun asked for an immediate test vote to determine whether the Guild should ally itself to the C.I.O. or to the reactionary Federation officials. As Broun puts it, newspapermen "must choose between being gelded or guilded."

The Payoff

THE Olympics in Berlin may give the city a festive air, but it takes the report of the English Commercial Counsellor Rawlins to reveal the bitter truth about the economy of Nazi Germany. Some £800,000,000, he says were spent on the armament industry in 1935. Agricultural prices are on the upswing and textiles have declined because the worker's pittance is spent on food. Imports are strictly controlled and there are government bounties for exports, a burden which falls

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on the cost of production and the worker's wage. In the face of a total paralysis of the money-market, Schacht has been forced to institute a system of barter with the Central European and Balkan states. Forced Labor Camps and munitions factories may reduce the number of unemployed on the official government lists, but this frantic attempt to create a "closed economy" has raised the price of food far above the general world level. The Rawlins analysis reveals that price increases are hidden by a reclassification of the quality of consumers' goods. More statistical juggling keeps the cost of living averages and the official wages fixed. Yet the conclusion is clear: real wages have sharply fallen in Germany. "How will we pull through next winter?" is already the ominous question.

Hands off Spain!

THOUGH the Spanish fascists are facing defeat, they are intent upon drawing out the insurrection. Ruthlessly they demolish entire cities, destroy the artistic heritage of three civilizations. When they seize a town, they burn workers' districts, massacre members of the People's Front. They are insanely determined to control Spain even if they have to govern a dead population.

Fortunately, during the past week the rebel armies have been stalemated on all fronts. The early force of their attack has been spent. Victorious naval action by loyal sailors has halted General Franco's rushing of troops across the Strait of Gibraltar.

In the south the armies of Generals Llano and Franco have nominal control of Seville. They hold the district in a military grip, but are afraid to move forward. They know that as soon as their Moorish battalions leave the city, they will be cut off by an uprising of the civilian population.

In the villages north of Seville they meet with the effective resistance of armed peasants whom the republic has given land. General Llano boasts of razing "Red towns," but he does not dare move from his military barracks. He cannot count on rebel reinforcements from North Africa so long as the loyal navy holds the straits.

North of Madrid, General Mola has been checked in the Guadarrama mountains by the workers' militia and loyal troops. Government airplanes have bombed Mola's outposts out of their fortresses, and loyal forces are moving upon Burgos, headquarters of the fascist troops.

Meantime, dissension within the ranks of the fascist adventurers becomes increasingly sharp. There are still all sorts of conflicting groups: Juanists, Carlists, Bourbon monarchists and fascist members of the Spanish Phalanx. The military chieftains, united only by their hatred of the republic, watch each other suspiciously. General Franco is reluctant to see Mola "reach Madrid" and monopolize power.

But the hopes of the fascists appear to be blasted. Catalan militiamen are pounding away at Saragossa. Oviedo is defended by Asturian miners, men prepared to blow themselves and the fascist invaders to pieces before they allow the insurgents to advance from the barracks to the heart of the city.

The heroic fight of the Spanish people led by the Frente Popular, by Largo Caballero, La Passionaria, and Jose Diaz, will go down in the history of mankind as one of the most inspiring struggles for liberty. It will be a warning to fascist pretenders and dictators in other countries. Indeed, it already has aroused the fear and venom of international fascism.

Each day brings new evidence directly implicating German and Italian fascism in the criminal assault upon the Spanish republic. General Sanjurjo, slated to become dictator of Spain if the insurrection triumphed, spent several months in Berlin just before the rebellion. He was the guest of Adolf Hitler at the Kaiserhof Hotel. German agents in Spanish and French Morocco actively aided General Franco in his preparations. French fascists were also active on Franco's side, and British tories provided the rebels with a base of operations in Portugal.

Italy's participation in the fascist adventure is manifest. Disguised Italian army fliers were caught trying to deliver four bombing planes to Franco. Undismayed by this setback, the German Nazis last week tried to provoke a conflict which might have brought the world perilously close to war. Hitler roused Germany to war fever by claiming that Catalonian workers had executed four German Nazis. It seemed for a moment as if the German fleet might go into action. Then it turned out that the four Germans were not Nazis at all, but German anti-fascists who had been killed fighting in the Catalonian workers' militia!

If the Nazis failed to open fire this time, it was because they were not sure of Britain's position, and because they doubt their own military readiness for a major conflict. The British National Government is worried about Mussolini's designs upon Ceuta and the Balearic Islands. It has therefore accepted France's proposal for non-intervention. This compelled Germany, Italy, and Portugal to give *formal* adherence to the principle of non-intervention.

Immediately afterwards, however, Mussolini ordered eighty-nine bombing planes to concentrate in Sardinia in retaliation for the alleged killing of Italians in Spain. The fascist powers persist in their criminal moves against the legally constituted government of Spain, well aware that intervention may lead to international war.

And in these maneuvers Hitler and Mussolini have some American allies. Hearst's voyage to Italy and Germany at this critical time has sinister implications.

But Spanish democracy, too, has allies in this country. These should take a clear and vigorous stand in this historic moment. At a time when the reaction everywhere actively aids the rebels, those who love peace and freedom cannot remain passive. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union has taken the initiative in this country to raise a fund for the defenders of the Spanish republic. Its campaign for $100,000 will enlist the support of those Americans who wish to see the people of Spain beat back the fascist threat.

The defenders of the republic will welcome not only such material aid but also moral solidarity with a great cause which is as much ours as theirs.

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Gropper

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Pogrom in September!

PORTER NILES

The menace of which NEW MASSES *readers were aware two years ago when they read John L. Spivak's exposé, "Plotting America's Pogroms," has become an imminent reality.*

A pogrom against American Jews is announced for September 1936.

The man who plans the September pogrom heads two important anti-Semitic societies in Washington, D. C. He boasts that he can readily obtain sufficient guns and all the ammunition required. He has patented a special weapon which he calls "The Kike Killer." He is fostering the terroristic, anti-Semitic Knights of the White Camellia. He was active in calling and is participating in the Asheville, N. C., conference which is being attended by the leading anti-Semites of America.

The revelation of the proposed massacre which appears below must stir progressive Americans to immediate action.

Realizing that the pogrom backers have both influence and power, the NEW MASSES *has taken the lead by placing the facts before President Roosevelt, Washington Superintendent of Metropolitan Police, E. W. Brown, the LaFollette Senatorial Investigating Committee, and others, and has demanded immediate, forceful action to blast the pogrom-makers' plans.*—THE EDITORS.

ON the twelfth floor of the National Press Building in Washington, D. C., is the office of the James True Associates, and America First, Inc. This office is a key spot in the anti-Semitic movement in America. From it literature is disseminated. From it come instructions in how to recruit Jew-baiters, how to spread the doctrine of intolerance, race hatred, persecution. From it James True has announced that the first American pogrom will occur next month, September 1936.

James True is no cracked exhibitionist, but a man respected in the business world. The Republican Party has dealings with him —unofficially, of course. Patriotic societies distribute his literature. Economic services fighting the New Deal quote from his weekly news service, *Industrial Control Reports.*

Sitting calmly at his desk, Mr. True leaned toward me and said: "We're getting set! We're preparing for September. When we have the pogrom not even our 'pet Jews' will stay alive." And he repeated that the massacre will come "around September."

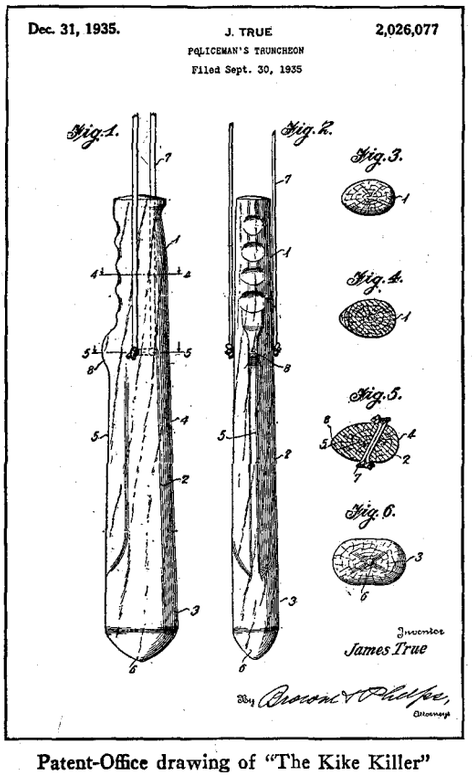
True is a good-looking fellow with white hair and a high brow. From 1915 to 1917 he was an ace reporter for the Chicago *Tribune* and later became editor of *Printer's Ink,* the foremost trade paper of the advertising business. In 1933 he disclosed that the "Jew Deal is headed toward Moscow." From that time, he has devoted himself to the cause of Christianity as opposed to Judea. Perhaps he is pathological. So are his models in Nazi Germany: Herrn Goebbels, Rosenberg, Goering, and Hitler. James True may be suffering from a psychosis, but he remains shrewd and able and, above all, influential.

Anti-Semitism is not the pet mania of a few crackpots. It is the "solution" offered to the American people for the economic maladjustment of a sick capitalist system, just as the Nazis offered it to the German people as a remedy for their national ills. Throughout the South, in the Middle West, in New England and the Far West, and even in New York City, anti-Semitic organizations are gaining in strength and membership. They are linked one to the other by interlocking directorates. James True is one of the important figures in the business of spreading anti-Semitism. When he talks, he not only expresses his own point of view, but he reflects the thoughts and expectations of all other anti-Semitic groups.

James True spoke deliberately, fingering the revolver beside him on the desk.

"We're not going to drive the Jews from this country," he told me. "We're going to bury 'em right here!"

THE pogrom, True asserts, will occur in September. Massacres need preparation. James True has given the subject careful thought. In fact, he has perfected a weapon for this special purpose. Officially, it is called "policeman's truncheon," and was filed in the United States Patent Office in September 1935 under "Amusement Devices and Games." True's invention, Patent Number 2,026,077, looks like a butcher's knife, except that it is made of wood—good hard wood—finished in swanky black. Too short to shoulder, it is heavy enough to "knock out Jews," True points out, and top-pointed "to poke Jews through the stomach." True fondles it longingly. He has pet-named it "The Kike Killer."



Patent-Office drawing of "The Kike Killer"

He has two "Kike Killers" on his desk, one finished in black, the other in natural wood. His wife, he informed me, owns a "Kike Killer, lady's size," because the regular size might be too heavy. The "Kike Killer" is an efficient weapon. True remarked that one blow with it can crack "even a Negro's skull wide open."

But for a first-class massacre more than a truncheon is needed, even though the truncheon be the improved "Kike Killer." Alongside the patented invention on True's desk lies a Colt revolver. True is a good shot: he practices by shooting at a cake of soap, because (he says) the consistency of soap approximates Jewish flesh. He promises he can obtain revolvers for all who are interested in taking part in the September pogrom. Freis, Neall & Sharp, a hardware store situated at 734 Tenth St., N.W., Washington, D. C., will sell revolvers to anyone recommended by True, so True assured me. At wholesale prices, too. The store, he went on, does $12,000 worth of business annually through the James True Associates and through friends recommended by True. Even a permit is not necessary, True added, if the purchaser is sent by him. He has an "in" with the police, he claims. That is probably a fact. A policeman, with two pistols hanging from his belt, arrived to pay a morning call while I was in the office. He smiled, shook hands with James True, and departed with "literature." Washington already has a "Red squad." It appears that True is busy building an anti-Jewish contingent. For the September pogrom?

YOU gain ready admittance to James True's office by saying that you come from Republican Party headquarters. If you add that you are seeking material for Republican Party distribution, True hands you the Jew-baiting, Red-killing, Negro-lynching literature which his organization circulates: "Communism Jew Deal," "Stand by, Loyal German-Americans," "Are You on the Red Death List?" "Nazism Based on Christianity," and the *Fascist Quarterly* (published in London).

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The Republican Party—as one would suspect—is vehement in its denial that it is in any way utilizing anti-Semitic propaganda for campaign purposes. Nor is it—officially. There is no way of proving that the Republican Party directly backs True. The Republican nominee for president, Alfred M. Landon, has publicly denied any anti-Semitic prejudice. His manager, John Hamilton, recently lunched (in full view of the press) with prominent Jewish bankers and industrialists. The Republicans realize that the stigma of anti-Semitism would mean political doom. But the fact remains that anti-Semitic groups are receiving support from prominent Republicans; that the most ferocious of the anti-New Deal groups are friends and admirers of James True and other leading anti-Semitic racketeers; that influential Republicans have signed a call for a conference, together with a large proportion of anti-Semitic organizers in America.

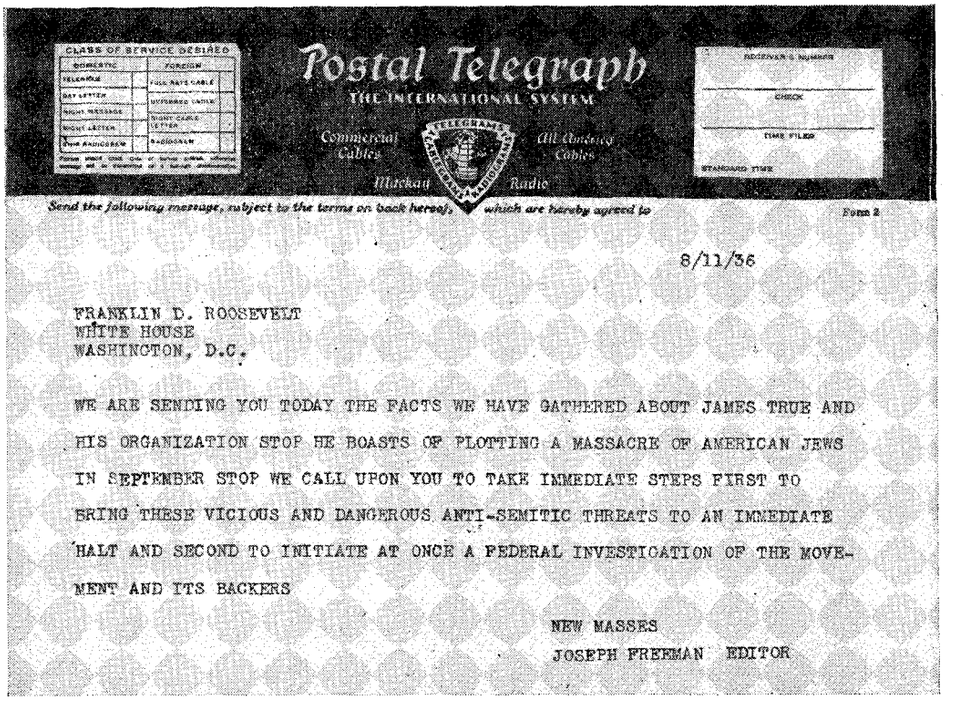
The link between supporters of the Republican Party and the anti-Semitic propagandists is not hard to find. The would-be leader of the next American pogrom, James True, writes in his weekly service, *Industrial Control Reports*:

"Landon will go to the White House. . . . He must be elected . . . politicians and administration press agents may lie to the people; but the real issue cannot be evaded. It has been injected into the campaign by the Jewish interests themselves. In every other country where Red-radical progress has been made, the word 'Jew' is synonymous with 'communism.' It is as obvious as the thousands of Jews in the Roosevelt-Frankfurter administration."

This anti-Semitic incitement is praised by Mrs. William Sherman Walker, secretary of the American Coalition, an amalgamation of 125 so-called patriotic societies, whose base is almost completely Republican. Mrs. Walker characterizes her friend True as "a specialist in his particular field," "an honest and sincere investigator." She finds his economic analysis (the example above is typical) a great help to her work in the American Coalition.

Mrs. Walker, heart and soul in the Republican campaign, grows meditative when asked if anti-Semitism is being used in Republican campaign publicity. "Little can be done with that directly," she admits rather reluctantly. "It calls for a lifetime study." James True, her friend, is devoting his life to such a study. It intrigues Mrs. Walker. She finds his propaganda valuable, and while the Republican Party can't be too open in its publicity, Mrs. Walker sees to it that True's "research" reaches broad groups of people. As Mrs. Walker said, "If you are amazed at James True's disclosures, remember he has approached the issue forthrightly."

The American Coalition, which specializes in tracking down Reds, fighting the New Deal, and pushing the Republican campaign utilizes James True's fulminations against the Jews. The Republican-backed Coalition distributes James True's literature. The American Coalition lists powerful backers, among whom are such reactionary Republicans as John B. Trevor, formerly with the Military Intelligence Division of the United States Army and now a member of the Chamber of Commerce of New York and the American Legion; Mme. Cantacuzene-Grant, wife of a former czarist officer, a member of the League of Republican Women, the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion and the Florida Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Bainbridge Colby, anti-New Deal Democrat, Hearst editorial writer, and member of the Liberty League, at one time Secretary of State in Wilson's cabinet; William R. Pattangall, former Chief Justice of Maine, who resigned his judgeship a year ago to dedicate himself to the so-called (and highly profitable) "conservative coalition of Republicans and Democrats." These officers head the American Coalition. The Coalition does not *openly* advocate anti-Semitism. It is strictly anti-New Deal. *But the American Coalition does distribute anti-Semitic literature, among which True's contribution looms large.*



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8/11/36

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

WE ARE SENDING YOU TODAY THE FACTS WE HAVE GATHERED ABOUT JAMES TRUE AND HIS ORGANIZATION STOP HE BOASTS OF PLOTTING A MASSACRE OF AMERICAN JEWS IN SEPTEMBER STOP WE CALL UPON YOU TO TAKE IMMEDIATE STEPS FIRST TO BRING THESE VICIOUS AND DANGEROUS ANTI-SEMITIC THREATS TO AN IMMEDIATE HALT AND SECOND TO INITIATE AT ONCE A FEDERAL INVESTIGATION OF THE MOVEMENT AND ITS BACKERS

NEW MASSES
JOSEPH FREEMAN EDITOR

The telegram sent by the NEW MASSES to President Roosevelt, Senators Black and LaFollette, the District of Columbia commissioners, and the Washington chief of police

The list of True supporters is a lengthy one. For instance, the Rev. Gerald K. Smith, the man who tried to take the Townsend old-age pension movement from its founder, the man who inherited Huey Long's political empire, met True in Washington. That was a week ago. Reverend Smith is supporting Lemke, the fall-guy for Landon. Lemke's opposition to Roosevelt (so the Liberty League, Hearst, and the Republicans hope) will draw sufficient votes from the Democrats to defeat Roosevelt and allow Landon to slip into office.

When interviewed in New York City concerning James True, Rev. Smith said, "I neither affirm nor deny that I met True." Smith is "naturally" opposed to anti-Semitism, although he estimates conservatively "that there are 25,000,000 anti-Semites in America today." Smith remarked that he did not know who True was. But though Rev. Smith cannot remember exactly, he was seen with James True in Washington.

The political power behind Lemke—not counting support quietly given by the Liberty League—is provided by Reverend Smith and Father Coughlin. Now Rev. Smith may not know James True. But the man who plots the September pogroms had this to say about Smith's political partner:

"Father Coughlin will soon let loose on the Jews." He added that Coughlin's secretary, a woman, has been doing research and taking notes on "Semitic pressure in America."

There is also Merwin K. Hart, president of the New York State Economic Council. Mr. Hart has spacious offices in the National City Bank Building, 17 East 42nd Street, Room 533, New York City. Mr. Hart, anti-New Dealer and "economist," is busy getting out a weekly survey telling why Roosevelt should be defeated. His Economic Council is supported by prominent educators, by prominent industrialists and bankers, *including Jewish industrialists and bankers.* Mr. Hart receives and utilizes James True's anti-Semitic weekly service. He admits that it influences his "economic" analyses. He sees nothing wrong with True's statements. Mr. Hart considers James True "an accurate and fine journalist," "one of the finest men I know," "a man whom I count as a real friend." Mr. Hart, active in the Republican campaign, admires James True and benefits from his

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service—and Mr. Hart has prominent Jewish and Republican support.

THE September pogrom is the objective toward which True is exerting his energies. He is too experienced, however, to let all other activities rest in order to obtain the one big objective. He continues crusading, building up anti-Semitic prejudices, working for more and more adherents who will adopt his program of persecution, terror, bigotry, race hatred. The September massacre he clings to as a culmination of all his plans. But it is necessary to continue to spread the word. Hence, True is active in pushing plans for the National Conference of Clergymen and Laymen which started Wednesday, August 12, and will continue through the week-end. Appropriately, it convened in Asheville, N. C., birthplace of William Dudley Pelley's Nazi-linked Silver Shirts, which were so thoroughly exposed by John L. Spivak in the NEW MASSES. Here influential religious leaders (no Jews, few Catholics) will gather, ostensibly to fight Communism.

The Call for the Conference states that the meeting is "for Christian Americanism; against Atheistic Communism." The agenda will forward such aims as:

> To uphold Christian Religion;
> To stimulate Americanism;
> To strengthen the Church, the home, the individual, and all forces that stand for Christian religion, morality, justice, and freedom;
> To formulate definite plans to effectively combat the world's common enemy, our Savior's shameless foe—COMMUNISM.

The Conference, according to the invitation's letterhead, is chaired by Rev. Ralph E. Nollner, P.O. Box 405, Houston, Texas (or care of Asheville Chamber of Commerce). But True dismisses Nollner with a wave of his hand. The instigators of the Conference, True confided, are my "old and very dear friends," John Henry Kirby and Vance Muse. True's "sincere and forthright" Kirby is president of the ten-million-dollar Kirby Lumber Company of Texas, a member of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, and a former member of the Texas legislature. Vance Muse is directly responsible for the circulation some months ago of "white supremacy" literature in the South, showing Mrs. Roosevelt attending a Negro meeting accompanied by Negroes.

Both Kirby and Muse are old hands at staging swastika camp meetings. They were the promoters of the "grass roots" convention of the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution in Macon, Georgia, last January, where Governor Talmadge and Lemke's fascist supporter, Rev. Gerald K. Smith, roared against the New Deal. The Georgia meeting, it will be recalled, was paid for, on Kirby-Muse solicitation, by John J. Raskob, Pierre, Henry, and Lammot du Pont, Alfred P. Sloan, John W. Prentice, Senator Metcalf, and Howard C. Hopson—all leading Liberty Leaguers. There's more where the Georgia money came from to back the Asheville show—Hearst and the Chamber of Commerce among them.

But though the Asheville conference is strictly "non-political" and "non-sectarian" (so the Call reads), it is signed by the outstanding and most notorious anti-Semites in America. Look at the list:

> Harry A. Jung, American Vigilant Intelligence Federation,
> Walter S. Steele, publisher of the *National Republican.*
> James True, America First, and James True Associates.
> Col. E. N. Sanctuary, World Alliance Against Jewish Aggressiveness.
> Robert Edmund Edmundson, publisher of anti-Semitic literature, indicted in New York for malicious slander.
> Robert E. Hillebrecht, secretary, Paul Reveres.
> Lt. Col. E. M. Hadley, Paul Reveres.
> Charles E. Helms, Minute Men.
> Clyde J. Wright, Texas distributor of anti-Semitic literature.
> Royal Scott Gulden, anti-Semitic organizer.
> William Schaumann, secretary, American Nordic Folks Assn.
> Henry A. Bradley, Patriotic Order Sons of America.

There are other signers, many of them, but four of the remaining have not before been associated publicly with anti-Semitic propaganda. One is the Republican "Brain Truster," the man whom Landon has consulted for years, the man who told Landon how to "balance the Kansas budget." He is Professor E. W. Kemmerer of Princeton University. To him and to Dr. Robert H. Gault, Professor of Psychology at Northwestern University, to Howland Spencer of Highland-on-the-Hudson, and to William A. Handerson, Chief Probation Officer, Goshen, New York, the NEW MASSES sent the following telegram:

> YOU APPEAR AS SIGNER OF CALL TO ASHEVILLE CONFERENCE AGAINST COMMUNISM STOP IN COMING ISSUE WE PUBLISH BOAST OF ONE OF YOUR CO-SIGNERS THAT AMERICAN POGROMS START IN SEPTEMBER STOP DO YOU KNOW LEADING ANTI-SEMITES LIKE JUNG, EDMUNDSON, TRUE, SANCTUARY, GULDEN PARTICIPATING IN CONFERENCE STOP DO YOU APPROVE CONFERENCE WHICH BOUND TO STIMULATE ANTI-SEMITISM STOP PLEASE WIRE ANSWER COLLECT BY SATURDAY MORNING.

Professor Gault answered the NEW MASSES telegram as follows:

> YOUR TELEGRAM AT HAND TOO LATE FOR ANSWER SATURDAY MORNING STOP EVERY INDIVIDUAL, PARTY, INSTITUTION, PERIODICAL THAT STIRS EITHER CLASS OR RACE HATRED FOR ANY PURPOSE WHATSOEVER HAS MY SUPREME CONTEMPT.
>
> ROBERT H. GAULT.

It is worth noting that Professor Gault, despite his "contempt" for those that stir race hatred, does not deny signing the Call to the Asheville conference along with notorious anti-Semitic organizers. Nor does Professor Gault repudiate the Conference, his anti-Semitic co-signers, nor the use of his name. No answer had as yet been received after three days from any of the others to whom the NEW MASSES telegraphed.

James True, powerfully backed by his own organization, with the Asheville conference as an ally, and with unofficial support of leading Republicans, has still other irons in the fire. He is fostering an organization of night-riding terrorists, the Knights of the White Camellia. Formerly the Knights belonged to the Ku-Klux Klan. Nor is this the extent of True's organizational connections. "We have become an unofficial clearing house for these groups," he explained. "We write and circulate our private weekly newsletter. That is our business. However, because we have so much information, people in the movement come to us for enlightenment and verification of facts. We pass along our information to International News Service [Hearst] and other newspaper organizations."

The "facts" that True passes along are worth examining. "Judaism," True said to me, "is a criminal religion." And he expanded with the following "truths":

Jews pay Negroes to rape white girls; Jews caused the World War and the depression; Jews invented Communism; Jews designed the New Deal; President Roosevelt's real name is Rosenfeld and Jew Rosenfeld is insane; the Jews have been plotting "the destruction of Christian civilization for 500 years"; the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* are "documentary proof" of the Jewish plot to overthrow the world and the *Protocols* parallel the New Deal.

But knowing facts is not sufficient, James True feels. True endorses the words of a privately printed tract, *The Hidden Empire,* which he helps distribute. The pamphlet comments on the "endless tasks of elimination." First the Jews, then the Communists ("these two classifications would take care of most all of the Brain Trust"), then the Socialists, liberals, radicals, and college professors.

James True has planned his pogrom for September. It is not merely a boast. He has the organization, the backing, the influence, the plans to attempt it. He is sincerely convinced that he can get away with it. He is aided by a general lack of realization on the part of liberal Americans of the seriousness of his plans. The tendency in the past has been to minimize terroristic organizations in America. German liberals and trade unionists, the great mass of German people, also minimized the growing Nazi menace. Now they have Hitler.

Next week and the weeks thereafter the New Masses will print further news of America's pogrom plotters, who are operating more brazenly now than ever before. Don't miss this series!

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"Viva España Libre! . . ."

LINCOLN STEFFENS

CARMEL, CAL.

THE last written message of my husband, Lincoln Steffens, to the world before he died at our home here on Sunday [writes Ella Winter] was one hailing the fight of the Spanish People's Front against the reactionary fascist uprising.

The following message, written at the request of the NEW MASSES, was in Lincoln Steffens's typewriter when he died:

"I see and feel the People's Front fighters are making my war for me and for all of us, for all men, women, and children.

"Spain's is the first opening battle of man for man—perhaps it is the most decisive battle. Anyway, it is ours, as they must know and we must know. I feel we do, and that we realize as they fight that we have to finish what they are starting.

"The Spanish defenders are our world leaders."

DONALD OGDEN STEWART

THE Fiesta cannon booms and the young men of Spain begin to run through the narrow streets. The old people, the women, and the soldiers climb upon the barricades and wait for them. They do not wait long. The yells from the distance grow louder. A few young men appear, walking quickly, laughing, looking over their shoulders. Then suddenly the street between the barricades is filled with a surging, trembling, roaring wave. These are the young men of Spain. Chasing them come the bulls on their way to the ring. There is an unexpected rush forward of a dark mass—a scream of terror from the crowd—and one of the young men is caught, tossed, falls, lies there. The breathless, heaving, grunting herd passes over him. He does not rise. He is dead.

The silk-pajama-clad young American, watching from the balcony of the Grand Hotel, wonders why the young men of Spain are such god-damned fools. What do they prove by risking their lives? What is there in it for them that they run through the streets of their native town in this silly game of tag with Death? They do it to prove that they are brave? That they are not afraid of Death? All right—that young Spaniard lying there proved that he was not afraid of Death. For what, for Christ's sake?

For this. For Spain today. For the courage to face death in the struggle against something more brutal, more terrible, more inhuman than a herd of Miuras on their way to the Bull Ring. The young men of Spain have taught themselves never to be afraid of Death—and now they know that they need not be afraid of Life. They have abandoned the Catholic hope of Heaven and have discovered the Communistic hope of Earth. For what, for Christ's sake, for what? For the brotherhood of man and the freedom of the human spirit. That is something well worth dying for—in Spain or anywhere.

It would be well for the young men of America to come down from the balcony and get into the street. The Grand Hotel is not worth fighting for—and pajamas are to be worn only when asleep. It would be well for America to pay back the debt we owe Ferdinand and Isabella; it would be well for America to discover Spain.

STUART DAVIS

THE terrific struggle of the Spanish people to maintain their freedom against fascist aggression must have the wholehearted support of every person who values human liberty.

The very fact of this murderous attack on the freedom of the Spanish people by organized reaction must fortify the resolutions already made by American artists against fascism.

The way in which the Spanish workers and intellectuals have rallied to the support of human freedom and progress in this crisis, is inspiring testimony against all those who carry a philosophical banner with the slogan, "No matter how thin you slice it, it's still baloney."

American artists in the Artists' Congress, the Artists' Union, and other progressive artists' societies must recognize in the Spanish struggle at once a threat and a source of courage. It is a new living proof that mad-dog fascism has teeth, but more important, that people are still ready to give up their lives to defend economic and cultural progress.

Victory for the Government and the People's Front in Spain is the direct concern of every progressive American artist, because their defeat would solidify those reactionary forces in the United States whose further development and coördination will result in fascism.

American artists have refused to show their works in the exhibition held in connection with the Berlin Olympics, and the correctness of the reasons for this stand has been given fresh support by the snubbing of the American Negro athletes, who have given the United States its lead in the point score, by Hitler, and by the circulation among foreigners of the special Olympic number of Streicher's paper, the *Stürmer*, with a front-page cartoon labeled, "Jews are our misfortune."

American artists also refused to show their works at the big international art exhibition held in Venice, Italy, this summer, and defeated a plan to send an American collection to this show.

In view of these actions against fascism, it is the duty of all progressive artists and artists' organizations to give open expression to their support of the Government and the People's Front in Spain in their magnificent struggle against fascism.

THEODORE DREISER

FOR centuries the subtly false and oppressive forces of a predatory church, a decayed aristocracy, and a capitalistic administration have deadened and frustrated the life of the people of Spain. And now today the ancient enemy takes the new form of fascism. All those who love the idea of equity, who hate the forces which cause material injustice, suffering, and persecution, should rejoice in the courageous battle of the Spanish communists against the fascists. In the victory of Communism in Spain will be every possibility for a new life for the people, and a new hope for the ignorant and oppressed. Today the hold which the liberals had already achieved in the Spanish government would not be threatened were it not for aid of fascist-controlled states to Spanish fascism, and for the internal weakness which is the result of the prolonged residence of the above-mentioned oppressive forces. It is true that aid from the outside to Communists in Spain might bring on a world conflict. But it is also true that the support and intervention in favor of the fascists by other nations in the past and now is even more menacing; and so I congratulate the people of Russia, France, and other countries who have given aid, in money, men, materials, and encouragement to the Spanish people in their fight to save themselves.

MAX WEBER

JUST as Soviet Russia has been fighting heroically for socialism and the proletariat of the whole world for nearly twenty years against the most terrific and inconceivable odds, but with ever-increasing victory and mastery over the forces of darkness and reaction, bringing light and hope to the downtrodden of the whole world, so the working classes of France more recently, and now the enslaved people of Spain have risen against their degenerate tyrants with a fury and tenacity that is driving the Fascists of Italy and the Nazis of Germany and their breed all over the world to desperation and madness.

The cumulative and titanic achievements

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of Soviet Russia have disproved the old sophistries and maxims claiming that history repeats itself. In this instance, history is not repeating itself. The demagogues and their hangers-on would have the complacent and deluded believe that the Russian "experiment" is merely a temporary storm that will soon blow over, not realizing that other tornadoes of social upheaval are already on the way to hurl them with ever-increasing velocity into abysmal realms.

No, you tyrants of the world! Hitler and Mussolini in their temporary usurpation of power are mere pigmy replicas of Attila. They are the Punch-and-Judy scene in the last act of a dying order. They and their cohorts everywhere are doomed to extinction, and in their fury and madness will be blown to atoms in the hell made by their own bloody hands.

Soviet Russia and its liberated people are making history, as are the people of France and Spain and the enlightened and rising people in all other countries of the world. Its innovations in government, culture, industry, freedom, are building a new humanity, a happiness hitherto unknown; and though regarded by the misguided and prejudiced as a dream at best, is nevertheless the great reality, the great miracle of the twentieth century—a dream realized and irrevocably engraved in letters of light and truth on the new tablets of Socialism.

And while the serpentine Nazis and treacherous Fascists and traitors are sending bombs and other implements of destruction and war to the miserable traitors and agents under the despicable Franco, the working classes and the forward-looking masses of this and all other countries send their comradely greetings and good cheer to the fighting and bleeding masses of Spain and their elected democratic government in this crucial hour, in the hope and assurance that the fascist tyranny and terror, and the Nazi curse and scourges will be forever banished from this earth and that a sister Soviet Government will be born of this historic struggle in Spain.

HUGO GELLERT

IN the fall of 1934, the Asturias uprising was drowned in blood by the reactionary Robles-Larroux Government. Some 10,000 workers and intellectuals were massacred and over 30,000 were thrown into dungeons.

Louis Quintanilla, the great Spanish artist, was among the prisoners. Quintanilla, "the painter of the revolution," as the Spanish workers call him, fought shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, the miners of Asturias, and held the barricades against the colonial mercenaries of Francesco Franco, the leader of the present counter-revolution.

The revengeful reaction condemned Quintanilla to sixteen years of imprisonment. He laughed at the tribunal during his trial and he laughed as they bolted the iron door of his cell. He could well afford to laugh. He knew there would not be any sixteen long years in jail—not for him. He knew his comrades. He knew the workers of Spain.

The triumphant People's Front swept his jailers out of power and Quintanilla once again picked up his tools. It cannot be said that his sharp etching-needle offered much comfort to the ever-plotting, unholy trinity of Spanish reaction: landlord, church, and finance capital. They were on the run, but utilized every available means in an attempt to perpetuate their age-old privilege to despoil the productive energies of the workers and peasants and keep them as mere beasts of burden. Relying upon the aristocratic officers of the army, reaction took a desperate plunge trying to impose fascism upon the masses.

The workers and intellectuals of Spain know the meaning of fascism. Under the dictatorship of Primo Rivera, they learned their lesson and learned it well! They turned out as one man against the aggressors and said: "Better dead, than alive under the rule of the fascist brigands, who try to force us back into the dark ages."

Scantily-armed boys and women hold their own against trained soldiers. Miners, armed with sticks of dynamite, dislodge batteries and destroy nests of machine guns. Quintanilla, the artist, is the organizer of this army of the people—and that is as it should be. Who has more to lose than he? He, who always stood his ground, as man, as artist; he would be doomed. For him, even more than the others: "Better dead, than alive under fascism."

Quintanilla and his comrades are fighting for the future of all of us. Their success means a better tomorrow. Failure might mean that we, too shall learn: "Better dead . . ."

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE issues in the struggle in Spain have become so obvious that even the newspapers are being forced to print the facts—if not the truth. Spain may well prove to be not only the testing ground but the first battlefield in the international struggle between fascism and liberty. The open support of the rebels by the fascist governments of Europe makes the issue clear for us all. It is now apparent that thousands of Spanish martyrs are dying for our right—or claim—to freedom. I hope we shall be worthy of the sacrifice.

ROCKWELL KENT

THE present civil butchery in Spain may be no more than the opening engagement on the Spanish front of that world massacre that fascists will precipitate to hold the privileges and power that the world's enlightened masses, acting with the machinery of democratic government, are headed to deprive them of. Tens of thousands of Spaniards are dying that democracy may be forewarned and, through forewarning, saved. Let not only Leftists in America, but all Americans who believe in democracy and support the Constitution, take this warning to heart as Christians take the martyrdom of Christ; and, insofar as democracy is their creed, honor its martyrs and support its cause.

WALDO FRANK

FOR the past weeks, I have been living in mind and heart with the Spanish comrades. To be unable to join them actually has been painful; and I am glad of this chance to get my message to them. I have envied my friend Malraux, who could jump into a plane in Paris and be in Madrid in a few hours.

They know in France that the war being waged in Spain is their own war; that it is only a few hours away from the same war which Frenchmen will soon be waging. It is more difficult for us Americans to know that we, too, are only a few hours farther from the same struggle; that this war is ours also; that we, too, with our flesh and blood and spirit will have to fight it.

To Spain belongs the honor of living out the world-problem of us all in its most dramatic, crystallized form since the Russian revolution. After the collapse of the Monarchy, the Spanish people and their leaders began to move along the path of revolutionary knowledge with a surety comparable to what took place in Russia from 1905 to 1917—a period in Russia that must be understood as one organic movement. During the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, I first came to know many of the men and women who created and tried to lead the Republic. In large part, at that time, they were liberals, Republicans, intellectuals of the syndicalist and socialist schools that rejected the pure Marxist strategy of the Third International as "too political," "too extremist," or "too foreign." The education of these men and women, together with that of the rank-and-file workers, has been amazingly rapid, although their course was the painful one of the blundering, hesitant Republic. The Reaction took advantage of the divisions in the Left to bolster up the old Spanish rule of landowner and priest in alliance with the great industrialists of Catalonia, Asturias, and Vascongada. Two years ago, this group, full of contempt for the vacillations of the Left, tried to wipe it out in approved Nazi fashion. The workers rallied; but their education was not yet complete; and it was the division among Socialist, Communist, and Syndicalist which prevented the successful defense from surging by its own momentum into a full proletarian and agrarian revolution. That error taught the final lesson. Last winter, the People's Front swept the country. No more inspiring plebiscite has been held in our time. Poets, teachers, artists, who ten years ago were invoking Nietzsche or Spengler, worked in the field with the tried industrial proletariat and with an or-

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ganized minority of peasants on the great estates, *and found they were speaking the same language*. From that day, when the workers of Spain and the intellectuals of Spain found unity of action, the period of fumblings was over and the new day dawned. There was no time to lose. The people of Spain were getting ready to take over their own country, and the old owners knew it. The capitalists, the large landlords, the Church, and the professional Army, must strike now—or go, as they did in Russia.

They did strike, and with a plan that reveals the more experienced military collaboration of the German and Italian staffs. At a score of strategic points (Spain is not a centralized country), the government was to be thrown out by one swift blow. That the blow failed is due to the tens of thousands of bare breasts of simple men and women who were there to confront the machine guns and bombing planes of the butchers.

It has been asked: if the people of Spain are on the side of their government, how can the fascist rebels put up so dangerous and sustained a fight? The answer is Money, Equipment, and international Fascist aid. On the People's Front are the industrial workers, large sections of the middle classes, all the intellectuals worthy the name, the more enlightened peasants, and the non-professionalized ranks of the army: in other words the same general forces that were with Lenin in October. But there is a dangerous difference. The Russian people, after three years of the World War, were armed and trained; and even the politically backward muzhiks knew enough to side with the revolutionary workers who alone meant to give them land. In the present conflict, the workers are poorly armed. Against them are the professional elements of the army with planes and machine-guns; against them is the capital and credit of Spain's heavy industry. Against the people, also, fights the Church: the disciples of the Prince of Peace side by side with Big Money and the Big Guns: and in the wake of the Cross, cohorts of credulous believers, schooled to believe the *padre* who at present prayerfully informs them that the Madrid government wants to deprive them of their land, to "socialize" their women. Against the people, also, fight—as ever—those degenerate discards of the lower classes whom unemployment and the bad air of dying capitalism have made into the gangsters of Fascism—the armed muckers on whom Mussolini and Hitler have always counted and on whom our du Ponts and Morgans will rely, tomorrow.

Finally, against the people of Spain stand the highly organized and alert fascisms of Germany and Italy, prepared at all costs to win Spain to their camp and thereby enhance the encirclement of the democracies of Western Europe. The countries that fought the early Soviet Union were exhausted by war, and divided; the countries that are already secretly helping the Spanish fascists are preparing for war, and they have nearly twenty years of the Soviet Union to warn them of their own fate, if they delay too long in their contemplated conquest of Europe. Germany above all knows that fascist victory in Spain will be the signal for a revolution in France—and a free hand (perhaps!) for Hitler in the East.

Here, haphazardly put down, are a few of the points that bring the fate of the Spanish Revolution close to our own fate. But even if, by a long chance, the struggle should be localized to Spain, we must not underestimate the importance of the issue. Spain is a land of immense potency; the genius and vitality that in large part created the Americas has long been lying fallow. The conquest of Spain by her own people will be a triumph for the human spirit second to none. The influence of Spain on the American continents, from Mexico to Argentina—after a century of eclipse—is again growing. A Socialist Spain will be the signal for uprising of peoples living in lands more varied and more immense than those of the Soviet Union. And do not doubt for a moment that the ugly gentlemen in Berlin and Rome—yes, and in London and in Washington—know this as well as I do!

Spain is fighting the good fight for us all. Of the ultimate issue, there can be no doubt. Even if the whole western world went Fascist, by the iron law of capitalism and imperialism, it would destroy itself through panic and blood; and the surviving peoples, bled white, would go on toward the sole possible *human* policy of our industrial world—toward Socialism and, flowering from it, toward Communism with its birth *at last* of true human beings. But in the meanwhile, if the fascists win the first battle, the present generation (ourselves and our children) will be plowed under. Spain is fighting the good fight and insofar as the victory of her workers and peasants and intellectuals against the international assault of Money and of a corrupt Church, will tip the scales for us, our comrades in Spain are fighting our battle.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

THE Spanish masses are giving us magnificent lessons, not only in heroism, but in the "making" of history.

They had been for long years among the poorest and the most evilly ruled of all nations. But they are by nature a proud and courageous people, as anyone who knows something of their past may remember. Their long awaited social revolution was proceeding by peaceful and democratic measures. The country's belated capitalism was foundering; the Spanish youth were bent on building a "new Spain," initiating a modern, socialist Renaissance. As in Russia, one felt hope everywhere among the poor and the young, especially after the popular mandate of last winter.

But the fascist classes—and here is the great lesson for us—will abide no peaceful transformation in the last resort. It was they who, in desperation, put the country to the torch of civil war. For once, no provocation, no "mystery" conceals their crime and their guilt. As captured documents show, the Fascists were preparing a terror more fearful than the merciless civil war which they launched as an overture. They were also intriguing with Italy and Germany to bring in foreign arms and sell pieces of Spain in return. No treason they stop at, so that the Popular Front may be crushed. Such tactics spell danger for all the world; they will surely rouse—they have roused—the counter-revolution to its end all the sooner.

The plan of the Popular Front government, which arms the masses of the people against their enemeis within, has shown its usefulness in Spain.

We must now protest everywhere against the crudely concealed intervention by fascist Germany and Italy in Spain.

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER

THE struggle now going on in Spain is of the most profound importance to every worker of field, factory, and office in the entire world. The heroic men and women, Socialists, Anarchists, Syndicalists, Communists, etc., now fighting under the banner of the People's Front government against the fascist attempt to set up a dictatorship, are battling not only for the preservation of democratic liberties, but to defend the very existence of civilization in general against the encroaching tides of fascist barbarism.

Victory for the People's Front government will have the widest repercussions all over the world. It will be a crushing blow in the face of fascism; it will erect a new barrier against the menacing war danger, and it will enormously advance the cause of socialism in all countries. On the other hand, a defeat will be a most serious disaster for our whole cause.

The fascists everywhere are keenly aware of the gigantic possibilities in the Spanish situation and are sparing no efforts to give support to the reactionary Spanish fascist rebels. The class-conscious workers and other toiling masses throughout the world should be no less alert to this situation than are the fascists. We must give every possible assistance to our embattled Spanish comrades now so valiantly fighting for our cause.

At the same time we must learn from the Spanish situation the vital lessons it has to teach us in the American class struggle, chief among which is the importance of the united front. The success of the Spanish and French united fronts are a glowing justification of the whole line of the Seventh World Congress of the Comintern. They are a glowing signal for all branches of the toiling masses in the United States to join in one broad united front, a Farmer-Labor Party, against the fascist menace here.

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How Drought Relief Works

MERIDEL LE SUEUR

MINNEAPOLIS.

IT ISN'T so hot now. A haze has come between the earth and the sun, but the earth hasn't forgotten. It is scarred for the whole season from those ten blasting days of heat. The meadows are sere, the corn is curled on itself, half tasseled, and won't grow any more, the wheat is ruined and the hills seem bare of something else—pretty soon you know it's the cattle that's lacking. In the last few years this has been mostly dairy country, but now there aren't any cattle. They have been shipped off to better pasturage or sold outright for meat. There is no feed now at all.

The paper I bought at Moorhead, on the border of North Dakota, said that the Resettlement Administration was helping the farmers with feed to the tune of as much as $900 per farmer. The papers sound good. According to the papers everything is wonderful. That's why I am going to North Dakota. The papers sound too good. They sound better now after two weeks of terrible drought than they did when Hopkins was out here, and he said it was as bad as the 1934 drought even then.

Now the papers are full of stories by crack reporters saying that the crops are pretty good, saying that Tugwell is making a de-luxe tour of the Dakotas and showing him looking at good corn, and there are whole pages of pictures carefully taken showing wheat that has not been touched by grasshoppers. In fact, it would appear that the drought was just what we needed.

The bus plunges into Dakota. I am going to get off at a typical village. Western Dakota is the worst hit and I am not going that far. I am going to get off at a farm village and see what is happening "behind the news." The bus goes for miles through the prairie and pretty soon one becomes accustomed to the rhythm and sight of objects and they begin to have a curious enormous meaning. There is a mule hauling a light wagon full of barrels, and slowly, with a kind of jerk, one realizes that they are hauling water. The wells are dry, electricity is off in many farmhouses. Not that the Northwest even in boom times was ever electrified. Over two-thirds of the farms never had anything but kerosene lamps, and certainly no plumbing. Signs say "cattle crossing" but the hills are bare and there are no cattle waiting to be fed. We pass a freight loaded with John Deere machinery going east to Minneapolis, and when you decipher what it means you know that it is "repossessed" and will be reconditioned and resold. The bus toots and the driver swears at old Fords loaded to the gills with household furniture and the back seat full of children waving and peering at us as we pass. They are leaving their farms. They are going West again.

It is Saturday afternoon when I get off at a little village. It is full of farmers standing on the walks in little groups like bees, full of young girls all pretty in cotton dresses circulating in bright little eddies at the corner drug store, while lanky great-haunched farm boys go by. There is the quizzical practical Yankee — American life going on despite hell and high water. It is Saturday, isn't it? There is not much spending, but there is talk. The village houses are neat as dairies. Farmers lean in the eaves' shade. They look at first glance lounging and lazy, and the grouping seems loose and desultory. But it isn't really so; they are tense, they are drawn to each other, there is strong talk. The bus stops on the main street and I stand on the corner and the first thing I hear is, "I believe in America and the constitution." One man is talking in the midst of a black clot of men. "You're a man, ain't ya?" There is half jesting assent. They are listening with a strong peculiar humor. "You got arms, legs, you can work and that's what the Constitution guarantees ya. That's what we want is work and we haven't got it." The street runs through the town and ends on the prairie. The conversation isn't connected and yet it is. A man says, waving his long hoeing arm, "Where the hell did all that money go? Everybody was saving money and now who's got it? That's what I'm askin', who's got it?" A man with his overalls actually pinned around his skeleton with nails shuffles up comically: "Listen, brother, haven't you heard? It's me. I'm the one, I been hoardin' it." There is a great cackle of laughter. "Well, I'm serious, who's got it? Where's the money?" "Maybe Sam over there's got it, just drove to town with his last doggone mule." Sam takes his hat off and rubs his head, "Well none of these county agents ever told me yet any ways how to grow gasoline. And Old Red there can live on any old thing. It's a fact, we'll all be sowin' by hand. Gettin' out the old plow. I'll be darned if we won't be goin' back to forgin' a sickle by hand. I got me a chunk of railroad track for an anvil. Remember papa in the kitchen with an old file, beatin' it red hot with a rock for a hammer?"

I GO on down the street past the meat markets. There isn't much buying. Some farm women are carefully looking at vegetables in the grocery store. I stop by the window and I see them come out with flour, beans, and onions. A little woman in an old black dress is standing by the window. "The vegetables look good," I say, "but they are getting dearer every minute." We look through the plate-glass windows at the tomatoes, lettuce, bright in the sun. She looks at me from a face dried leathery, her prairie eyes pale. "That lettuce," she says, "sometimes I feel I got to have lettuce." We look at the lettuce. "I ain't had a mite of meat either." Inside in the cool shade we can see the great rumps hanging down, red and juicy. "I ain't had meat since last Labor Day," she says.

"Are you on relief?" "Yes," she says wearily, "We ain't got nothin' but beans and onions from them for I don't know how long now. I used to count the days up, but I don't any more." She told me she lived on a rented farm with her two sons, that they got $18 a month on relief and six of that went for their rent. She said they homesteaded their farm in 1906 and were living in the original shack. Now they paid rent to the banker who held the mortgage.

"What happened to your crops?" I asked her. She kept looking at the lettuce, "Oh, my boys worked real good but nothing come up on account of no rains. A few nubbins of corn. And we lost our horses, then we sold the hogs to feed the chickens and then sold the chickens to feed ourselves and now our place is as bare as a hickory nut. Do you think they would have some old lettuce in back they'd give a body?"

"Where are your sons now?"

"Oh," she said, "one of 'em lit out somewheres, no use stayin' round here and one less mouth. The other one, he's a real good one. He's over there on the corner now waitin' for me." I saw a tall lad on the corner half bent over from hunger. She kept standing in front of the window. She said she was going over to the relief office and I went with her.

There were men standing four deep. I had in my hands the paper telling about how many men were out of work relief. In the other office the line was thicker. This was the rehabilitation office. I found out here that there was a catch to the Resettlement Administration giving an average of $500 per farmer. The farmer had to have an equity in his cattle and only the rich farmer has that. All the talk while the men waited was about the complications of all this. And pieced together, the spelling was pretty bad. All I had to do was listen to the talk. Yes, the W.P.A. drought program was setting up some projects, but it was pitifully meager. One farmer said he had to travel fifteen miles to work on the road and out of the $40 a month it cost him at least eight dollars for his car. Another farmer said he got nothing at all except what the Federal Sur-

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plus Relief Corporation would give him and this was mostly poisonous meat canned from the cattle killed in the last drought. It gave you a bellyache. Another said his family had meat twice during last winter. "By the Lord," said a big Red River Valley farmer, "my family had nothin' but coffee and bread and potatoes, and now no potatoes because all there is is new potatoes and they're as dear as diamonds, five cents a pound and we don't see a potato. The few we got from our garden is hard as rocks." I heard them say that they were saddled with feed debts. I heard them say they planted 600 acres this spring and now they're working on the roads. "The government seed man rides the hell out of you, sometimes you pay interest out of your relief money." There was a slow incessant drone in the little hot room. They spoke low, leaning towards each other, the low heavy sound of their voices like a swarm of bees, angry, ready to light.

IT IS time for my friend to go up to the relief window. She stands there with her black shawl drawn around her shoulders that are no bigger than a child's. Her feet are misshapen, with great bunions breaking the shoes, and her skin is like the bark of a strong tree. She stands there dogged and patient. She is given a card. She turns toward me and her mouth is black where the teeth are gone. Her card says beans, onions, and a sack of flour. I go with her.

The village still lies in the bright sun and old cars drive up. The street is crowded now. "Listen," I said to my friend, "could I go with you? I am a stranger here. I would like to go with you." She is surprised and uncertain. "Why," she says, "I haven't got much, that is . . ." "Never mind," I say, "I would like to talk to you. I would like to see what is happening here. People would like to know. You see, you are not alone. It's not as if you were alone . . ." She turns her eyes that look like something bleached by sun and by salt. She has not heard anything like this before. It makes her shy, with a strange touching awkwardness. "Why yes," she says, "I would be glad to have you." She is very awkward and bows a little quaintly and goes into the store, where I can see her watching me through the window.

I run across the street to buy a head of lettuce. While I am waiting, a man says to the counter clerk, "This might as well be a jewelry store. Look at those lamb chops. By the holy mackerel, I've been raising lambs since I was knee high to a grasshopper and now I couldn't buy a chop with my life."

I go out on the street again. The sun is at the end of the street, sinking into the prairie. A calliope hollers through the streets that there will be a dance at the Marigold, twenty-five cents a couple. I see my friend standing across the street by her tall son, who carries the flour. She gives me a little nod and they start walking around the corner. The pavement is hot and my feet are actually stinging through my shoes.

"Dumb, Mr. McGinnis, I said look *dumb!* Remember, you're one of the unemployed!" *Serrano*

Around the corner they are waiting for me beside an old surrey and a bony nag. They both stand there, shy and awkward. I get in the back seat, which is hanging down and full of trash. They get in the front. We are all shy of each other.

The horse walks slowly toward the sun and the unrubbered surrey shakes and rumbles. We drop suddenly out of the town into the burning pit of prairie, the sun in our eyes. I can see the tall embarrassed boy driving the horse, and the head of the farm woman lonely and dogged.

The horse goes slowly. Riding in cars makes you forget how the country can pass sweetly and slowly, how you can partake of slope of earth and rising scent and know a field before you pass it. A young moon hangs in the seared and scorched sky. The dark sweet American earth slopes into the sun.

We drive into a bare yard. There's not a blade of grass. You can see where the chickens have been pecking. The mark of their feet is still in the dust. The grasshoppers are ticking like clocks. The son goes with the horse to the old ramshackle barn. I go into the two-room shack with the mother. She lights a lamp that throws a shivering light over the old chairs, grown around bodies, over a clean bare table. There is a picture on the wall of a man with mustachios, whom I take to be her husband, perhaps the man who plowed this land. The mother moves around the familiar room, her shy eyes on me, her body taking on the grace of a hostess. She says, "I told Joe not to hang the towel on the line, the grasshoppers'll eat it clean off." "You mean they'll eat it on the line?" "They'll eat anything, they will. They're mighty powerful hungry this year."

We move closer to each other, setting the scrubbed wooden table with plate, cup, and fork. We became tenderly acquainted in the room and I can see she's starved, too, for woman company. She begins to get excited, as lonely people do, telling me about her husband, the birthing of her children, right in there, right on that bed, without hide nor hair of a doctor. She becomes like a drunken person recounting her lonely pain. "There was a time when I was afraid to look out

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the window, down past the forty. I'd be afraid they would be a-comin' to take somethin' away from us; but that's one relief now, we ain't got nothin' now and nobody is acomin'. Swanson gets his rent right from the relief. But then my legs used to feel like water. I was afraid of the trees even."

Joe comes in and washes his hands, throwing the water loosely over his face and neck with displeasure and drying himself on the towel rescued from the grasshoppers. He sits down, awkward in the lamplight, with two women in the room, one of them strange. But soon he joins our talk. This is exciting to everyone. It's like a war. Joe says, "I don't know what it is. I *want* to work. I take whatever I can get. Ma and me ourselves put in twenty acres. Ma worked just like a mule. . . ." "I planted a garden," she says, "with the seed I always saved every year, my own seed—I had it since I came here in 1908 and this year it all blowed away, clean as a whistle, blowed right away. Now I got no more seed. I been herding the cattle when we had it. I did the housework, took care of the poultry, chores, sewing, patching so both boys could work in the fields. Sundays I would take the cattle miles down the road, herding them where the sweet clover is alongside of the pastures. I'd herd until six in the morning, take them home and milk them. At two and three I'd herd again until ten at night. But that's all over, they're gone now, even the bull, the head of the herd. He was the only good thing we had. My husband bred him and he was proud of him."

"I can't see why we can't get something," Joe says excited, his red arms gleaming in the light, "I could ring the bell, I could make it all right if I had half a chanct." He is against a stone wall.

"But you're working now on W.P.A. relief. Isn't it better?"

He scratches his head. He has a big unformed face with a young down of whiskers on the chin and the eyes of his mother. "I don't know how it comes out. We get the hind tit every time, any way you figure it. We get forty dollars a month but I'll be dagged if everyone you owe doesn't come and collect most of it, and everyone is in debt plenty."

I said, "Do they take care of most of the men in this county on work relief? Do they get on quick when they need it?"

"Naw," he said, "I read it in the papers there are thousands of men working and I know there's only a few, only a drop in the bucket compared to what ought to be working. Another thing is, the way it comes out is mighty funny."

"Tell about the horses," the mother says. She is eating, with shy pleasure, the lettuce that I brought.

"Well about the horses, they pay 12½ cents an hour for a horse. The farmer he gets 25 cents an hour for a team. They work about 114 hours a month. That would net the farmer $28.50 for use of both horses. Now it costs $18 to $20 to get a ton of hay. It'll be more later. It takes a ton of hay a month to keep a horse going on hard labor. Two horses would cost $40 a month and probably more to keep alive. The farmers would lose about $11 a month for the use of their horses. It's us helping the government build roads then, ain't it? It's a puzzlin' thing."

"Why don't you refuse to do it, refuse to use your horse?"

"Well if you do I know of lots of cases where they refuse you any kind of work at all on the W.P.A."

We eat in silence and the click of the crickets comes into the room.

"Knutsons," the mother says, "the farm next to us, they're leavin' in the morning. They're gettin' off. They been there afore we was here. I remember they helped us put up this shack. They're leavin' for the West tomorrow. I can see their light is still on. They're leavin' the place where all their children was got and born and raised. It's mighty shameful. It's a terrible thing."

After supper and the dishes are done we can still see the light of the Knutsons and know their sad movements. The mother can't keep away from the window and I know she is thinking that they could be put off too. The boy goes outside and you know he's looking up the hill. He comes in and sits cracking his knuckles. "They shouldn't do it," he says getting red, "they oughtn't get out like that without kicking up a row. What about their money? What about the years of work they got in there, what about it all? You don't hear nothin' about that. All you hear is that they's a mortgage, that Swanson has got twelve hundred dollars in it and he's got to have it back. Twelve hundred dollars ain't nothin' compared to what they got in it."

"Be quiet," the mother says, "God'll punish you for such words. We are law-abidin' and that's the law."

I can see the mother is uneasy about where I shall sleep. I tell her I would like to sleep in a blanket in some hay in the barn.

That would be splendid, but I can see I have offended her. She is hesitant with a beautiful shyness and tenderness. "I haven't had any sheets now for a year but my blankets is clean. It's a clean bed." I know it would be clean. "Joe can sleep on the floor here." I go into the lean-to that is the bedroom. We blow out the light and undress in the dark. I feel good to be near her. And as we lie side by side in the old bed that is worn down on both sides, I know I am sleeping on the side of her dead husband. Accidentally I touch her dry hand. Suddenly she clutches my hand, "Do you think they'll take it away from us?" I am startled by the young, fierce vitality of her warm hand. It is like a bird grasping my fingers. I grasp her hands too, warmly, and she is shaking. She is not crying. Her body is just trembling like a bird captured and straining.

Morning the sun came up naked as a rivet in the steel sky. Joe and the mother and I start out in the surrey again. It is early, but the Knutsons are all ready to go. Their old Ford is packed and an old rickety trailer is packed with household goods. Mrs. Knutson, a big, raw-boned woman, sits in the front seat with her husband. She has a baby in her lap, is with child, and the back seat seems brimming over with kids.

The surrey stops. They look at each other. They don't seem to know what to say. They haven't lived all their lives for this moment. Well, good luck they say, as if there was any. Goodby . . . goodby. . . . The surrey drives sadly on. The Ford stands at the gate. They can't leave. They are waiting for something. We drive down the hill. Joe doesn't say a word. The mother sits looking straight ahead. I say, "It's lots of children they have."

The mother says in her strong bitter humor, "It's one crop that never fails. Mrs. Knutson has never one single year had a crop failure of babies. . . ."

The horse walks warily down the hill. The sun is already hot. There's a clot of men ahead of us before a farmhouse. Joe and his mother don't know what's up. They can't imagine. A man is speaking to a group of farmers. The sheriff and three men you can see are standing on the stoop of the farmhouse. The farmers stand across like a swarm of angry black bees. The leader is speaking to them. We drive up and they call out, "Join us, brother." Joe stops the horse. The leader is speaking: "We can't back down. We can't be afraid. We got to begin to be able to go forward. Now is the time to do it. We want to organize and I'll be damned if we won't organize. Everything is dry as a contribution box. We got no wheat to cut, no hogs to slop. We got time to organize."

Just then the Knutsons came down the hill and drove by, the children peering back around the sides, and we watched the old gas buggy going down the road. There's no use going off now. For Washington. For Oregon. For oil. For gold. For Hollywood. There's no use in going off now.

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Harlem Shows the Way

FRANK O'BRIEN

WITH the increase of people's-front sentiment in all sections of the country, the solid establishment of one people's-front political party, which may well prove a decisive factor in New York, deserves special attention in this campaign year. Harlem, world metropolis of the Negro people, has taken the lead in building its own political party, the All People's Party, which has united behind its banners almost all of the liberal, radical, labor, and progressive groups in Harlem, and is causing considerable worry to Tammany politicians who have ruled unquestioned up until now.

Led by the fiery and eloquent Representative Vito Marcantonio, who has accepted the nomination of the People's Party to run for Congress in the 20th District, the ticket will have the support of every labor organization in Harlem, as well as numerous church, civic, fraternal, social, and political organizations. Prominent Negro leaders such as A. Philip Randolph of the Brotherhood of Pullman Porters, Rev. William L. Imes of the St. James Presbyterian Church, and Donellan Phillips of the Consolidated Tenants League, and many others, are giving this movement "to make Harlem a decent place to live in" their wholehearted support.

This broad front of the people of Harlem grew from the intensified misery of seven years of the depression. It was the logical outcome of a system of oppression that left more than 75 percent of the Negro people without jobs, and compelled them, among other things, to accept housing conditions which were a crime and a disgrace for a civilized metropolis. Hospitals, schools, recreational facilities, and relief were decidedly inferior to that offered in other parts of New York City. The people's movement was the expression of the drawing together of all strata for mutual protection and betterment.

The startling and dramatic events of March 19, 1935, served to illustrate how great was the resentment of the Negro people against the economic slavery and suffering they were compelled to undergo. It will be recalled that the false rumor that a Negro boy had been killed by the police was sufficient to release the pent-up indignation and bring thousands into the streets to protest against the outrage.

This outbreak served to crystallize sentiment, widespread and deeply felt, particularly since the depression, for community action to meet the problems of Harlem. In the investigation that followed, Mayor La Guardia attempted to pin responsibility for the outbreaks on the Communists and other progressive groups. He was met with firm opposition by many sincere church and community leaders. Instead, they placed the blame for the incident where it belonged, at the doors of the New York City administration.

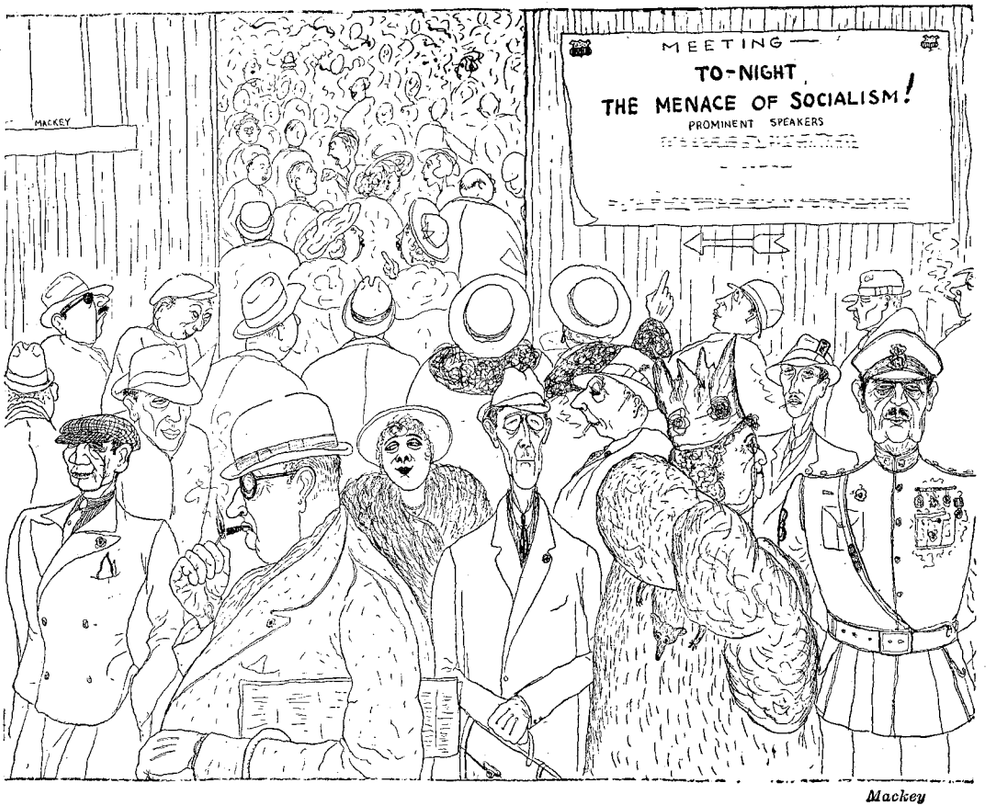
The establishment, some months later, of the Joint Conference Against Discriminatory Practices, one of the broadest united fronts in the country, marked a major step in the advance of the community to political unity and action as a means of solving its problems. The Joint Conference discovered that if real accomplishments were to be made, it would be necessary to act in close cooperation with the elected officials, and to call on them for all kinds of assistance. Some of the politicians were helpful; many of them weren't. When they acted, it was to subordinate Harlem interests to those of Tammany Hall. Harlem needed its own political party to get things done.

The meeting of the Joint Conference on April 27 of this year took the next step toward independent political action. It was a meeting that reflected the tremendous political ferment that was disturbing Harlem. More than twenty-five prominent leaders spoke, and there was unity of opinion on the need for independent political action. A convention was authorized to meet and elect candidates.

Never before has the idea of an independent political party appealed to so wide a number of the people of Harlem. Practically all of the civic and community leaders who are able to commit themselves are supporting the People's Party. Rev. Clayton Powell of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, in his column in the *Amsterdam News,* largest Negro paper in Harlem, has written of the need for such a party and many other intellectual and cultural organizations are taking their place in this people's front.

Among the Negro middle classes there is also strong sentiment in support of the new party. This is understandable when we recall that in the last years there has been a decided narrowing-down of opportunities for all the various strata of the Negro people. Their children are forced to attend the Jim-Crow schools and are denied many other opportunities that the white enjoy. The skilled trades and professions are today practically closed to even the most educated Negroes. They, too, are being drawn into common action with the unskilled workers.

Trade-union support comes from the unions which have greatest influence among the Negro people. These include Pullman Porters, the Musicians Union, Local 802, the Building Service Union, Local 32-B, the American Federation of Government Employees, and the *Amsterdam News* Chapter of the American Newspaper Guild. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the National Urban League, officially, are not permitted to take



Mackey

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any position, but prominent leaders of both are lending coöperation to the movement.

Of great interest is the position taken today by individuals who formerly refused all coöperation with progressive groups, contenting themselves with conservative or even reactionary stands. Outstanding is Captain A. L. King, former City President of the Universal Negro Improvement Association. Before the events of March 19, he was conservative in the extreme. Now he has been ousted from the Association because of his progressive stand towards the People's Party of Harlem.

Another example is the *Amsterdam News*. Under the joint ownership of Dr. P. M. H. Savory and C. B. Powell, the paper has adopted a favorable attitude toward the new political lineup. This in contrast to the weekly's former owner, Mrs. H. Davis, against whom the American Newspaper Guild declared its recent strike, and whose attitude was in keeping with the open-shop tradition.

Tammany Hall is definitely disturbed over the possible loss of Harlem and its rich patronage. It is making every effort to disrupt the work of the People's Party. The Nationalist speakers, who nightly attack the new political party, are said to be sponsored by Tammany, who see in these people the possibility of splitting the unity of the people's movement in Harlem. Its influence, too, can be discerned in the action of the Baptist ministers. In the organizational conference from thirty to thirty-five clergymen were present, but after the conference, in the words of one organizer, "they were conspicuous by their absence." Similar action, and probably for the same reason, has been taken by the Ministers' Alliance. When the organizational conference was first called, they gave every assistance, but afterwards they changed their attitude completely.

One of the few notable omissions in the People's Party is the Socialist Party, which up until now has refused to participate on the grounds that the new party does not have a wide enough trade union base. This statement is made, leaders point out, despite the fact that the People's Party is supported by the Trade Union Committee for a Farmer-Labor Party, which includes 130 important trade unions in New York City. This policy the leaders regard as being consistent with the 1936 election line of the Socialist Party, which seems to assume that everything which does not contain the full Socialist program is to be avoided. Socialist officials have raised the argument that there can be no cooperation between the People's Party and the Socialists because the program of the Socialist Party is a class program while the People's Party program is not. It is also their contention that this program will not advance the interests of the people of Harlem. Despite the official ban, however, many leading Socialists are participating in the building of the People's Party, and others are showing a desire to cooperate.

The program of the People's Party contains two main points. Its first aim is to advance the organization of Negro employees and to support to the fullest extent all strikes in Harlem. Its second aim is to carry out a program of improvement for Harlem based on the recommendations of the Mayor's own committee, including schools, hospitals, playgrounds, jobs, and relief for all in need, and an end to police brutality.

It is clear, today, that the People's Party has already become a decisive factor in the coming elections. Mayor LaGuardia has shown particular concern for the course things have taken. For months, protests, mass meetings, telegrams, demanding that the Mayor convene his commission on conditions in Harlem, had no effect. But eight days after a People's Party convention the Mayor became extremely active. He suddenly convened his commission and adopted more conciliatory tactics towards visiting delegations.

Whereas previously he had refused to see delegations and treated those who called with discourtesy, the last committee from Harlem to see the Mayor was treated with utmost respect. The Mayor was actually apologetic. He paid great attention and respect to the representative of the People's Party. One week after the People's Party had made the demand, the Mayor promised two new swimming pools for Harlem.

As for the elections, it is hard to say what the results will be. But from the number of people who daily call at the headquarters of the People's Party, at 139 W. 125 Street, in the heart of Harlem, the idea is catching on. Harlem can be made a decent place to live in only through a genuine party of the people. It is a virtual certainty, however, that at least one representative will be returned to Congress on the new ticket as a start toward building the people's bloc against war, fascism, and hunger.

Nineteen Years After

III.—Conclusions

LEV YASKIN

Moscow.

WE arrived yesterday in the first hours of the morning. Decided to walk from the station to the hotel—about two miles. The changes in the city are of course remarkable. The general impression is the absence of what I may call "unity," lacking a more suitable word. New York City is a whole, a symposium of a certain mode of living, so is Peiping, but Moscow is not. But as you walk about Moscow, you can see the young on the attack and winning and the old on the defense and losing.

Now about the people. First visited Aunt Ethel. There met all the other relatives. To my pleasant surprise the meeting proved less lachrymose than I had anticipated. Soviet reality pulled them up. They are much less sentimental, much more self-reliant than they used to be. Even the older generation seems to be quite *a l'Americain*. Optimistic, buoyant, proud of their doings in the Soviet land. So far I have not found one who would like to change places with me. Yes, they would like to travel abroad, but they are sure that at the rate they are going now, even this will come to the Soviet citizen. You may laugh, but the main topic of conversation was both feminine and masculine fashions; one of my sisters wants to take facials, so she consulted the *Americaner* brother on whether it would not age her, as someone told her that would be the case if she takes facials regularly.

Present at the gathering was my cousin Masha, daughter of Uncle Grischa who lives in Harbin. I don't think I told you that he was an agent there for German pharmaceutical products and chemicals and, since all the drugstores in Harbin are operated by Jews, the boycott is ruining him. He is a Soviet citizen, as I told you, and I tried to persuade him when I was visiting him to go and live with Masha in Moscow. He said he didn't want to go and be a burden to her, since he is sixty-five years old now and wouldn't be able to get work. Well, he was all wrong, and I have written him to join her. She used to be a pianist, but after the Revolution gave it up for economics, and has a good job in that line now. Her husband is an engineer. They are making out very well, and said they'd be glad to have Uncle Grischa come. Masha feels sure he can get a good job, since he is an accountant, and that his age will not be an obstacle. The only difficulty would be getting lodgings, which are scarce. He'd have to commute from the suburbs.

I must tell you about my sister Kiria, to illustrate one characteristic way in which Soviet workers are treated. She was married

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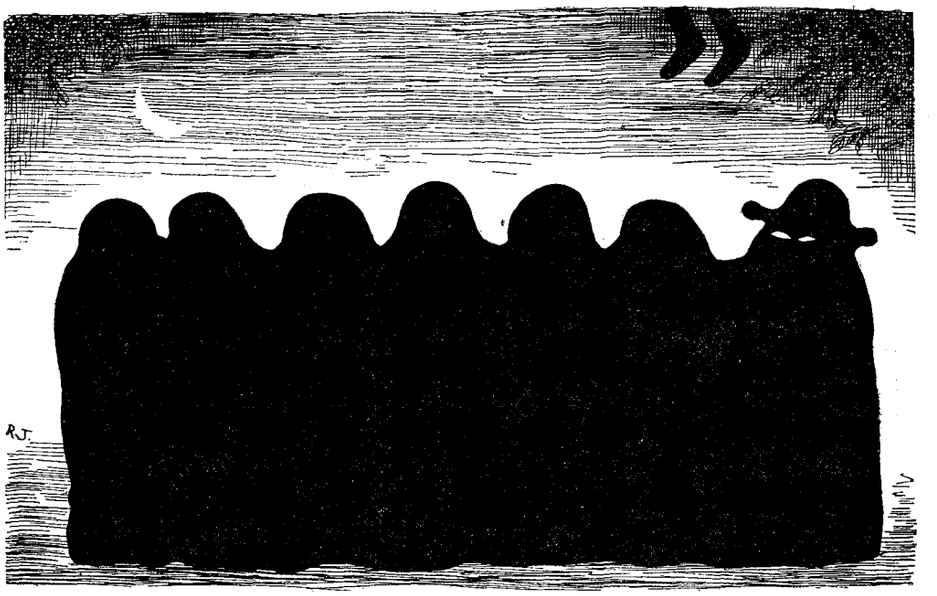
to a prosperous merchant and was quite a fine bourgeois lady before the revolution. Such a fine bourgeois lady, in fact, that the only thing she understood was food. So what did the Soviets do with her? They made her manager and hostess of a factory restaurant. And they insist she retain her bourgeois manners. They insist she have her hair waved regularly. And they add twenty-five rubles to her salary each month to cover the price of the waving. She told me, laughing, that her one regret is that she will never be able to look like a proletarian. Her husband now is controller of supplies in a Moscow factory. You no doubt wonder whether they are reconciled to the Soviet order. Let me tell you a surprising thing: they are living a full, happy life and actually have pity on me—what am I but a moderately successful merchant!

And there was this odd self-contained attitude among them all. I had thought that I would to some extent be looked up to, as having become something of a success in life. But no. I asked my brother Pyotr, who is an economist, whether he wouldn't like to go to America with me if it could be arranged, and he—who was a business man in the old regime—answered that the idea in no way appealed to him. He would, he felt, have to waste his time and talents making a living, whereas now he lives a life that is perfectly secure and so is able to enjoy his work.

On the question of relations between Jews and Gentiles. I learned only late in my life that my father's sister married a Gentile. I never heard about her, and she was "dead" to our family. Mourning was held for her, and so on, according to the orthodox Jewish custom. Of course my mother joined in. But here I met three out of five Gentile in-laws in my family. While they were in the house, I took my mother aside and asked how she felt about it. "They're fine fellows," she answered. She didn't even get my point. She is seventy-four, so you can see how the Soviets have changed "human nature." Another funny incident along this general theme: my brother Yossel remarked (as Jews sometimes will) about someone else's "Jewish tricks." My Gentile brother-in-law, Kolya, laughed and said: "It's all right for you to say it, but if I say it I'm liable to six months in jail for counter-revolutionary talk."

Which brings me to something else interesting: the special efforts the Soviet society makes to compensate for the former oppression of the national minorities under the old regime. When he applied for a job, for example, a man's antecedents, until very recently, used to be examined carefully, and an applicant who had proletarian parentage had the edge on someone who came from a family of merchants. But a *Natzman*—a member of a national minority group—who came from a trader's family would be given an equal opportunity with the man of worker antecedents. This was because the Soviets realized how the *Natzmen* were discriminated against under the old regime and practically forced to go into trade.



"I'm worried about Big Bill Thompson climbing on the Lemke bandwagon. It may split the Capone mob away from Landon." *R. Joyce*

To cut back a little: I have been having an absorbing time ever since I came to Moscow. In the first four days I slept only ten hours—talk, talk, talk, with everyone full of enthusiasm and eager to explain.

A few amusing experiences: I wandered into a park in Moscow one day and was stopped by a youngster in a Pioneer uniform. "Where are you going?" he demanded to know. "Oh, just into the park," I answered. "Have you a child with you?" he came back. When I said I hadn't, he gently but firmly denied me admittance. This was a children's park, he explained, and adults were admitted only when they were brought by some youngster. He felt pretty cocky, I can tell you, policing the adults for a change. Another time I went into the famous Metro to have a look. There were a number of pretty girls in bright-green uniforms distributed at intervals along the platform. I accosted one, asking whether I had to buy a ticket from her. "Oh, no, citizen," she replied, "I sell Eskimo pies." Another: my brother was picked up each morning by a motorcar from the factory where he works—several others were picked up by the same car, of course. He told me he was working very hard, because if he was an outstanding workman, he might rate the award of a motorcar of his own from the factory. I asked him what good it would do him to have a car when there were no gas stations where a private individual could buy fuel. "You do not understand," he replied. "When someone is made the present of a car, the institution which gives it to him also gives him a regular allowance of gasoline, too."

May Day was tremendous. I tried and tried to get a pass for the Red Square, but everyone just laughed at me. They were all arranged for months ago. The same thing happened to me when I wanted to go to the recommended plays. The houses were sold out to trade unions long ago. But my old luck was with me. The day before May Day the clerk at my hotel told me that someone had reserved tickets for me. They turned out to be tickets for *Sadko* at the Bolshoi Theater for May Day night—and my seats were right up front and all the big shots of the Soviet government were there. I don't know to this day who reserved the seats. And the same person also sent May Day passes for the Red Square.

What a sight! Like all foreigners, I suppose, I was most impressed by the military display. Moreover, I had fought in the czar's army, and knew how miserable the equipment and organization were in those days. The flights of airplanes were breath-taking in their impressiveness. And the tanks! Huge affairs each as big as two ten-ton trucks, racing by the hundreds across the square. I know now how little chance there is for any enemy to smash the Soviet system.

I could tell you a couple of little stories about stray individuals here and there among the older generation of my family's connections who are not quite kosher Soviet citizens—who buy dollars on the sly and hoard them and commit other trifling offenses against the law. They seem to do it more from habit than anything else. But what's the use of telling such stories? They would only blur the main impression I have received and am trying to communicate to you: the impression of a free, happy, increasingly prosperous people who feel perfectly secure and know that the future holds for them only an ever-unfolding abundance.

I'm afraid that I feel now that it would not take much to make me chuck overboard the whole importing racket and life in America to come back to this new vital Russia that was my cruel, slipshod, uncultured homeland in the old days. This is a Russia worth living in and sacrificing for.

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The Uneasy Mind

ROBERT M. COATES

I DON'T know why I was walking that night. It was raining; not hard, but a steady drizzle, with an occasional shower of big drops coming slamming down. There was the drip from the El all along the edge of the sidewalk, and the sidewalk itself running with the water that came streaming down the faces of the old houses; the spill from the folded awnings over the stores; the gurgle of the gutters. And the taxis and trucks speeding downtown, when one of them hit a puddle, just right there would be a spray like the spray from sea surf spattering up all over the sidewalk.

All along the Bowery, there were groups of men standing in the flop-house doorways, or in the entrances of stores closed for the night; men in old coats, battered hats, and misfit pants; men with hard round nutlike faces or long melancholy ones; a few of them drunk and lying propped against a wall, a few talking quietly together, most of them just standing there, keeping out of the wet, watching the lights and the traffic.

I first saw the little man at the corner of Canal Street. The lights were green for crosstown traffic when I got there, and there was a steady stream of cars going ripping across the Bowery and out onto the Bridge approach beyond. There were a half-dozen men standing at the curb, waiting for the lights to change, and he was among them; he was standing right in front of me, but even then I wouldn't have noticed him if another fellow on my right hadn't struck a match to light the butt of a cigar he had in his mouth.

As he struck it, I saw the little man lean towards him, holding out a blackened pipe that he had in his hand, indicating that he wanted a light. I saw his face as he turned. He had brown eyes, thin hungry-looking cheeks, a pale skin that was a little pulpy and gray. He looked to be about fifty and there was nothing remarkable in his appearance; what caught my attention was his expression. He looked gentle, ruminative, uncomplaining; most of the fellows you see down there have at least the air of having knocked around a bit, but he looked more like someone who was used to the quiet life, someone you'd expect to see behind the counter of a store, say, or watering a small suburban lawn, instead of tramping the Bowery in the rain.

He didn't get his light. The other didn't notice him until he had flipped out the match and thrown it away, and then it was too late; the lights changed, traffic stopped, and we all surged forward, losing our momentary compactness of a group as we went, and dispersing on our individual ways. The little man had been smiling when he first reached for the light; he was still smiling gently, I noticed, when he turned away.

When I reached the other curb he was still ahead of me, walking uptown as I was walking; and I don't know why—there he was, and I had nothing else to do; or perhaps there was some unidentifiable personal essence about him, a resemblance to some friend that I could never have defined but that still, in a way, made me feel that I knew him. Anyway, I followed him.

He had on a pair of gray pants, I could see now, very worn and baggy at the knees, and a gray coat that didn't match the pants and was a little too big for him. He had no hat. His hair was gray, and thinning on top. He was a bit under medium height, but he stepped out with a stride that carried him along in a peculiarly jouncy fashion. It was that little bounce in his walk that completed the pattern I had imagined for him: he was just a bum walking up the Bowery, and the night a rainy one, but it gave his gait a quality of expectancy and haste. He walked as if he were going to an assured destination, and a pleasant one. You have seen men walk like that, getting out of trains at suburban stations, and starting up tree-lined streets towards home.

He carried his pipe in his hand for a while; then, as if he had forgotten it until then, he stuffed it into his coat pocket. He led me on up across Hester Street, never looking back. There were few people walking anywhere that night, and in that section there was no one: just he and I, and the rain falling, and the street deserted. I followed about ten paces behind him; there were always that distance and that strangeness between us. I could see the light fall variously on him, as he moved into and then through and then past the illumination of each street lamp, shining first on his head and shoulders, then showing his back, and the sagging coat, the pants flopping about his striding legs; I could hear his footfalls beating irregularly against my own as he went on through the darkness towards the next light. I could feel the rain falling, pitilessly, unceasingly; I knew he could feel it too.

But I got no nearer to him than that, and I had about decided to give up following him when, midway in the block between Hester and Grand, he turned abruptly and crossed the street. I slowed up a little, watching to see what would become of him. There was a cheap beanery over there, and soon I saw it was that he was headed for. But he didn't go in. There were piles of doughnuts and things in the steamy window, and the glass itself was covered from top to bottom with scrawled white lettering, indi-

Kruckman

"Oh you silly man, saying the Cincinnati Reds are in the National League. Why, the Reds are *inter*nationalists."

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cating the things to eat inside. I could read some of it even from where I stood: Pig's Knuckles Sauerkraut, 20 cents, Large Steak, Jack's Style, 25 cents, Soup Spaghetti, 5 cents.

But he didn't go in. He stood there a long time, reading the items one by one. Then he took up the march again, with his same brisk stride. He passed a restaurant supply store, closed and unlighted; he disappeared behind a truck parked at the curb and then reappeared as he passed it. I saw him in the light from a saloon window, and then waiting at the curb as a car turned down Grand Street; he had his hand in his coat pocket again, fumbling for something; as he walked on again, I saw him pull it out. It was an apple, and as he crossed Grand Street he kept passing it from one hand to the other, turning it about and looking at it. When he had crossed the street, he began to eat it. He ate it slowly, taking his time.

But soon afterward a number of cars passed between us and I lost sight of him, or at least it was becoming too difficult to keep track of him any more. If you follow step by step behind a man, matching your pace with his, you begin to feel that you have a common destination and a common fate before you; for the moment at least, while your paths remain the same, you can even feel yourself merge with him, become him, his identity indistinguishable from yours. But if he so much as crosses the street, that particular spell is broken. Cars pass, or an El train goes by overhead, the sounds and the conflicts of the city make a barrier between you. It was only by accident that I happened to see him again.

Just below Broome Street, on the opposite side of the Bowery from where I was walking, there are a couple of flop-houses. It was in front of one of these—it was called the Delevan Hotel, I remember—that I next caught sight of him. The street entrance was very dressed up, with white-tiled walls and a good deal of shiny brass about the door; inside, there was a stairway, also white and brightly lighted, leading up to the hotel itself on the second floor. From the street, you could see a sort of lounging-room up there, dimly lighted and smoky-looking, with men sitting around on old cane chairs; above that, the windows were even dimmer, but you could see, in the light of an occasional bare electric bulb, the outlines of the thin wood partitions, open part-way down from the ceiling, dividing the cubicles in which the men sleep in such places.

He was just opening the shiny street door when I saw him. He had come home; and I watched him open the door and let it close behind him, I watched him starting up the stairs. He was just a man like any other to me now; whatever link there had been between us was broken, and the little peculiarities that had defined him for me—the sad smile, the gentle face, the light bouncing gait, the air of homeward-coming importance and haste—were all lost too, forgotten or almost forgotten; he was just a man going up the stairs of a Bowery flop-house, to a room and a bed in a building full of other down-and-outers identical, or almost identical, with himself. But I could not help noticing how slowly, wearily, he climbed those stairs.

That was the last I saw of him. It was still raining, but I walked on a little way farther. There were a bunch of young Italian lads, I remember, very slickly dressed, standing under the awning of a lunch room at the corner of Broome Street, all singing and caterwauling. They were singing, "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round."

I walked as far as Houston Street. Then I took the Elevated, on uptown.

Our Readers' Forum

More on the Mooney Photos

I have just read with great interest the article "Police Photos Vindicate Mooney" by Holmes and Minton (NEW MASSES, August 4).

From the article it appears that the defense has just recently found a new photograph in the files of the police which proves beyond question that the pictures showing Mooney on the roof of the Eilers Building were taken almost simultaneously with the explosion which occurred almost a mile away.

In connection with this proof may I add that at a meeting of the Berkeley Astronomy Department sometime in the spring of 1930, Professor Shane reported that at the behest of the Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court he and Professor Meyer calculated, from the shadows in the pictures, the exact times that the three Eilers Building photographs were taken and found that in each case the computed times agreed with the times claimed by the defense! This proved beyond question that the hands of the clock appearing in the photographs had not been tampered with, as the prosecution had claimed, but in view of the importance attached to the newly discovered photograph in the files of the police it is obvious that the results of the astronomical investigation were withheld from the defense. If this is true we have here another link in that great chain of evidence proving the gigantic conspiracy perpetrated by the authorities to keep California's most famed prisoner behind the bars!

Incidentally, the investigation of Shane and Meyer was published in the April 1936 number of the *Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific*—more than six years after the original report!

C. B.

The "Jewish Examiner" Strike

On July 3, workers of the *Jewish Examiner* went out on strike. The *Jewish Examiner*, published by Rabbi Louis D. Gross, editorially stands for social justice. The publisher has declared himself a friend of labor and has "taken up the cudgels" in defense of the Beth Moses Hospital and other strikers. The paper prints editorials attacking war and fascism.

Rabbi Gross pays his employees salaries as low as $8 to $13.50 per week. He employed a college graduate as a file clerk and paid her $8 per week. Another of his employees, after working more than three years, finally received $11 per week. The secretary to the business manager received $12 per week. Other workers were paid salaries similar to these.

A spy system was introduced whereby the girls were forced to report on the actions of their fellow-workers and to state whether any of them talked union. One girl who was a known union member was subjected to constant spying. The workers were told that if they joined the union, they would lose their jobs. They were constantly bullied and terrorized by the business manager, Mr. Samuel Shaff.

The strike, which was precipitated by the firing of members of the Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Accountants Union, is being carried on under the leadership of that union. The offices of the paper, located at 186 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, are picketed daily, as well as the home of Rabbi Gross at the Half Moon Hotel in Coney Island. Rabbi Gross has refused to recognize the union, or to concede to the need for organization in his office. In a recent letter, Rabbi Gross states that he will endeavor to pay *at least* $12 per week to every worker! This statement clearly shows the crying need for organization in the office of Rabbi Gross, the "friend" of labor.

The striking employees of the *Jewish Examiner* appeal to the readers of the NEW MASSES to help them win their strike. This can be done by canceling subscriptions, appealing to the advertisers to withdraw their ads, and sending letters to Rabbi Gross condemning his labor policy. The strike will prove whether Rabbi Gross is really sincere in his declarations of friendship to labor and in the editorial policy of his paper.

STRIKING EMPLOYEES OF THE
Jewish Examiner

Doctors vs. War

Joan Shields, who writes in a recent number of NEW MASSES on "Doctors and War," undoubtedly has failed to read the anti-war resolution adopted by the New York State Medical Society Annual Convention a few weeks ago (I quote almost verbatim, but from memory):

"War in all its forms and under all circumstances has as a result the destruction of life and the ruin of the body and mind as well as infinite suffering and misery.

"We physicians, who are called on to repair the physical and mental injuries done to the people by the war, are able to feel the horror and the inhumanity which it brings in its wake.

"The price paid for the medical and surgical lessons and the scientific progress resulting from the war is immense, as it is measured in incalculable losses in happiness and human lives. We can, therefore, deprive ourselves of such lessons.

"We are, consequently, entirely opposed to war and we recommend to each one of our members individually to do all in his power to preserve the peace."

See the New York State *Journal of Medicine*, June 1936.

A MEDICAL DOCTOR.

THE FARRELL CONTROVERSY

The recent publication of James Farrell's A Note on Literary Criticism *brought forth a flood of comment pro and con. We have not room to publish all the views expressed, and with the publication of the*

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following letters, we close our columns to the question. For those who wish to examine the past NEW MASSES *coverage of the matter, Isidor Schneider's review of* A Note on Literary Criticism *appeared in our issue of June 23, and Granville Hicks's article "In Defense of James Farrell" appeared in our July 14 number.*—THE EDITORS.

Farrell Rebuts

I consider Isidor Schneider's review of my book, *A Note on Literary Criticism* (printed in the NEW MASSES, June 23, 1936) to be such a gross misrepresentation of my views that a reply is demanded.

First of all, Isidor Schneider seems to permit himself the same type of luxury of illogic as that in which Mr. Peter Monro Jack indulged in his review of my book in the Sunday literary section of the New York *Times*. Both Isidor Schneider and Mr. Jack conceded the validity of many of my criticisms of specific revolutionary critics, and of certain tendencies noticeable in revolutionary criticism. Mr. Jack, for instance, agreed with my criticism of the anti-intellectualism and sentimentality of Michael Gold. And Isidor Schneider, in listing seven "services" which my book performed, stated that one of these was "its arraignment of anti-intellectualism on the part of some Marxist critics . . . and its analysis of some of the false positions it has led to." Similarly, Mr. Jack praised my criticism of the mechanical position of Granville Hicks, and on this point, Isidor Schneider wrote that "most especially" my book had performed a service in "its arraignment of the too-frequently mechanical application in Marxist criticism of the materialist interpretation."

While both of them granted specific criticisms of this order, they both set out to destroy my own position. Neither of them offered reasons to show why my specific criticisms were sound, when the position from which I made these criticisms was unsound. The best which Mr. Jack offered was that I ignored morals, that, in fact, I was afraid of the word moral. The best which Schneider offered was that these criticisms were "negative," and that despite them, I was against Marx. These criticisms were not made in a vacuum. They were made from a definite point of view. My method of procedure in this book was to state a number of propositions, to quote statements of critics in disagreement with these propositions, to analyze these statements in terms of my proposition, and then to reassert my proposition. Often, in addition, I offered quotations from Marx and Engels, and presented my interpretation of these statements. If both Isidor Schneider and Mr. Jack are correct in their reviews, it remains that my criticisms are accidents popping up from an utterly unsound and untenable position. Here, we have some interesting demonstrations of logic, both from the Right and from the Left.

I think that the basic reasons for Schneider's misrepresentation is that he suffers from a primary confusion. It is a failure to distinguish between fundamental relationships in society on the one hand, and between tactics on the other. In other words, he does not understand that I was talking about fundamental relationships and general functions, instead of tactics in various immediate situations. The functions which I was discussing were the functions of literature and of literary criticism. The general relationships which I was analyzing were those between the superstructure and the social base, the connections between literature, politics, and economics. Failing to understand what I was talking about, it is, hence, only natural that Isidor Schneider should be guilty of misrepresentation. And it is this failure which leads him to claim that my method is static, undialectical.

He offers a pseudo-historical analysis of revolutionary criticism in America to support the contention that various extreme statements concerning literature and criticism were necessary at one stage of development, and that they are now no longer necessary. He justifies this analysis with the argument that, "Men resort to extreme action not out of choice but necessity." In other words, sectarianism was necessary at one time. This argument is an opportunistic one, attempting to justify misconceptions. I criticized two tendencies in revolutionary criticism, revolutionary sentimentalism, as represented by Michael Gold, and mechanically applied materialism as represented by Granville Hicks. My principal objection to these tendencies was that they have misconceived the functions that literature can and does play in society. My analysis attempted to demonstrate that these tendencies misconceived the functions of literature because (a) they were based on a false estimation of the relationship between literature and economics, (b) because of a false estimation of the ideas which Marx and Engels held concerning the relationship between the superstructure (of which literature is one part) and the social base. My contention is that fundamental relationships, such as those between the superstructure and the base, do not change every time there is a new change in tactics, and a revision of the formulations which express such shifts in tactics. In other words, my argument is that if literature does not obediently follow economics in 1936, it does not obediently follow economics in 1935, 1930, 1920, or even in the year 1848.

For instance, I criticized Michael Gold for his article on "The Gilbert-Sullivan Cult," printed in the NEW MASSES, April 24, 1934. Part of my quotation from that article was the following: "When a Nazi with hands dripping with the blood of workers begins to sentimentalize over Wagner, or an ex-Czarist officer who has hung and flogged peasants tells us that Dostoevsky shakes him to the very soul, one is perhaps justified in suspecting both Wagner and Dostoevsky." My contention is that at no time is such a type of "criticism" necessary or useful. Isidor Schneider's point would evidently be that at one time, such criticism was necessary. Similarly, I criticized Granville Hicks's book, *The Great Tradition,* because it was based on the false premise that literature obediently follows economics. I quoted Hicks, in criticism of the writers of Theodore Dreiser's generation: "As we shall see, there is not a single writer of the middle generation whose work is not vitiated by faults that may be more or less directly traced to the instability of the basic economic situation." This statement implicitly treats the relationship between literature and economics in the way that I consider untrue. I do not feel that necessity ever forces us to state fundamental relationships falsely. Such a view, according to Schneider, is undialectical.

Isidor Schneider further considers that I am undialectical because of the fact that when sectarianism developed in America, many Marxist classics were unavailable in translation. I do not know what this has to do with my book, or with my argument. I was not writing a definitive history of American criticism. I was presenting a theoretical position on the question of literature, of literary criticism, and of their relationships within society. Similarly, he offers the even more picayune criticism that I do not put the word Marxist in my title. I think that Marx was too great a thinker to be turned into a source of Pharisaical discussion. If Isidor Schneider wants to prove me un-Marxist by such means, I shall not argue. I think that the way we pay tribute to Marx is by applying his ideas, extending them, testing and retesting them in experience, not by using the word Marxist and the word Marxism forty-seven times in a book review in order to prove ourselves more Marxian than the author we are reviewing.

Also, Isidor Schneider takes the liberty of defending my criticisms of his article, "By Way of Review," (printed in the NEW MASSES, January 14, 1936). However, he fails to state that he is defending himself. Forgetting thus to mention himself, he defends himself in these words: "Furthermore he [Farrell] dismisses obviously useful Marxist forms of analysis as platitudinous, as something generally agreed upon. . . . In one instance that he selects, the Marxist review was the only one, in several hundred, to show how social circumstance was reflected in the book and how it determined the author's description of workers. No other approach would have made it clear. Far from being platitudinous, it is an example of how Marxist criticism serves as a new tool which enlarges the area of critical observation." Since Isidor Schneider insists that I have not paid tribute where tribute is due, and since he feels that this is the high value of his article, why must he be so modest as to withhold from the reader the fact that he is here talking about himself and his own Marxism?

He writes that the real issue of my book is whether or not "there is any function for Marxist criticism." Here he misstates. One of the issues which may be implied is the following: is there any function for certain tendencies in revolutionary criticism, specifically, the tendencies which I describe as revolutionary sentimentality, and as mechanical materialism? In other words, I did not ask whether or not there is any function for Marxist criticism. But I did question the validity of self-confessed "Marxist" critics of the type of, say, Granville Hicks.

Isidor Schneider also charges me with quoting Marx and Engels to suit my own purposes. That is a statement which he should prove before making. For instance, what interpretation will he offer to the following statement from Marx's *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy?* "It is well known that certain periods of highest development of art stand in no direct connection with the general development of society, nor with the material basis and the skeleton structure of its organization." This was one of the quotations which I supposedly used to suit my own purposes. I used it, specifically, to suggest that my contentions on the carry-over value of literature is one which squared with Marx and Marxism. Similarly what interpretation will he offer for the following quotation from Engels, taken from *The Correspondence of Marx and Engels?* "According to the materialist conception of history the determining element is *ultimately* [italics not mine] the production and reproduction in real life. More than this neither Marx nor I have ever asserted. If therefore somebody twists this into the statement that the economic element is the *only* determining one, he transforms it into a meaningless, abstract and absurd phrase." I used it in additional emphasis of the point that "the relationship between economics and ideology cannot be graphed as a straight line between two points, nor expressed in a simple equation showing direct relationships, one leading head-on into the other." Additionally, I also used, apparently to suit my own purposes, and in support of the same point, the following statement, taken from Engels's *Ludwig Feuerbach:* "Every ideology, however, once it has arisen, develops in connection with the given concept material, and develops this material further; otherwise it would cease to be ideology, that is, occupation with thoughts as with independent entities, developing independently and subject only to their own laws." Etc.

Isidor Schneider further writes that "Farrell reiterates that Marxist criticism denies and imperils the values of individuality. Into this unjustified assumption creep other equally unjustified assumptions. One is that group responses cannot be as subtle, or do not require as subtle an understanding or are not as interesting as individual responses." I assume that Mr. Schneider is here referring to such paragraphs of mine as the following: "But how does the class struggle make its impact upon the life of the individual? It comes into his consciousness by dictating his relations to other men: It delimits the kind of life that he may or may not live. It builds up habits of response and thinking, of which he may or may not be aware. It sets within him many potentialities of action which will be realized and expressed internally or overtly in terms of objective situations. The class struggle, however, does not in any sense produce so complete a differentiation of human beings that there are no similarities between men who, objectively, belong to different social classes. Nor does it mean that the

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class struggle is a direct, potent, conscious factor at every moment in a man's life; it does not cause him to act in every detail of every situation in a preconditioned way that makes him indistinguishable from other members of his class. The class struggle is not something that the worker breathes, so that he goes about breathing two parts of ozone to one part of class struggle. It is an objective set of relationships, fundamental in a society, and it has devious, shifting, differentiating influence (sometimes direct, sometimes indirect) on individuals and on classes. We cannot, then, treat the class struggle as if it were just some lumpy force pushing men in an equal and coördinate way toward two sides of a barricade where they will proceed to fire guns and throw bricks at each other. I repeat, therefore, that the class struggle, as I understand it, is a fundamental set of relationships, and that out of this fundamental set there grow many potentialities of conduct, of thought, feeling, dream, fantasy, as well as of overt action. And I say that the class struggle is not, for the Marxist, simply an article of faith. It is something that he examines, traces, correlates, understands."

Finally, Isidor Schneider suggests that the fact that one Catholic reviewer recommended my book indicates its anti-Marxian character. He has referred to this recommendation twice. Since he has done that, why doesn't he read the particular review and see precisely what was said? Additionally, isn't it time that some of our revolutionary critics quit judging books in such a manner? It seems that if they like a book and someone in the bourgeois press praises it, that proves that revolutionary literature is gaining ground. If they dislike a book, and some one in the bourgeois press likes it, that proves that it is not good. Such practices are almost the ultimate word in critical degradation.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

Schneider Replies

1. The device of bracketing my objections to Farrell's book with those of the conservative Peter Monro Jack is clever. However, there is a great difference between Jack's concern over the abstraction, *morality,* and my pointing out concrete commission and omission—the examination of the work of Marxist critics, out of their conditioning historical context, and the almost complete omission of reference to positive contributions of the critics dealt with by Farrell.

2. Farrell says I do not understand that he was "talking about fundamental relationships and general functions instead of tactics in immediate situations." However, I did not criticize his presentation of "fundamental relationships and general functions." I did criticize his presentation of critical writings whose method was determined in large part by tactical considerations and could not be completely judged apart from them.

3. The literary and critical principles enunciated by Farrell are held by most of the critics attacked by him, and have, at one time or another, been enunciated by them. Farrell is a realist and must know that circumstance rarely admits the application of such principles without distortion. I repeat that "Sectarianism" was unavoidable at a time when the smug and unreasoning indifference of bourgeois critics to the class struggle and the aspirations of proletarian culture, could not be met by sweet reasonableness.

4. Farrell says that he was not writing a definitive history of criticism, but presenting a theoretical position. However, a theoretical position which names so many names and refers to so many specific writings and incidents takes on the character of a history and involves the responsibility of a historical treatment.

5. I omitted reference to my authorship of the article "By Way of Review" to avoid any note of personal controversy. I regret that Farrell puts upon it the interpretation that he does.

6. Let us examine one of Farrell's Marxist quotations. "It is well known that certain periods of highest development of art stand in no direct connection with the general development of society nor with the material basis and skeleton structure of its organization." Farrell, however, treats his subject in such a way that *certain periods* become all periods and *no direct connection* rules out also indirect connections. The Marxist critic has among other functions, that of determining which periods stand in direct connection and of exploring the indirect connections.

7. My remark was based on many references to the value of the depiction of personality. I should cite again Farrell's implication that the writers of collective novels sometimes choose their form because they feel unequal to the book-length depiction of a character.

8. The recommendation was by the Catholic Book Club. I reprint here my second reference which was written to correct unintended implications in the first reference.

"From comments I have received, I realize that the last paragraph in my review of James T. Farrell's *A Note on Literary Criticism* is being misinterpreted. The paragraph reads:

" 'Certainly, the fact that the Catholic Book Club recommends *A Note on Literary Criticism* illuminates the nature of its Marxism.' "

It must be pointed out that in *A Note on Literary Criticism,* as in all of Farrell's books, there is nothing to give aid and comfort to the Catholic hierarchy. As a matter of fact there is a strong attack in the book on the system of St. Thomas Aquinas, the official philosopher of the Church. Nevertheless, it remains significant that Farrell's version of Marxist criticism makes the book so agreeable to an official Catholic body that they are ready to draw him into their own united front.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Seconding Farrell

In the issue of June 23, Isidor Schneider reviews James T. Farrell's *A Note on Literary Criticism.* The article strikes one as being merely argument for argument's sake. It appears that it was written because someone had to write a defense. But I think that Mr. Farrell's punches were more telling and he wins the bout on points.

Justification for past errors in the name of dialectics is becoming really quiet tiresome. That is what Schneider does when he claims that when sectarianism is viewed in its historic perspective, "we see that it performed essential services, in the light of which its shortcomings are insignificant." If they are so insignificant why is there such a storm raging about this book?

Mr. Farrell is accused of rejecting Marxism. Pointing out the falsities and shortcomings does not imply an abandonment of the Marxist approach to literary criticism. Has Mr. Schneider forgotten the doctrine of socialist self-criticism? Farrell states in his opening definition (as Schneider admits) that "literature must be viewed *both* as a branch of the fine arts and as an instrument of social influence." Wherein is the rejection of Marxism? Farrell merely criticizes the errors of political extremism in relation to literature.

Unjustified harshness on Mr. Schneider's part will not contribute to Mr. Farrell's cooperation in the united front of socially conscious writers. Calling this book a swing to the Right is being undialectically narrow, and condemning it as un-Marxian because the Catholic Book Club happens to recommend it is most vicious reasoning.

SIDNEY SIEGEL.

Footnoting Hicks

Will you let me add a footnote to Granville Hicks's "In Defense of James Farrell"? I haven't read Farrell's book, but I have read his essay, "Mr. Hicks: Critical Vulgarian," in the April *American Spectator,* an essay which is included in the book. My footnote is to Hicks's statement: "He (Farrell) performs obvious feats of distortion in the face and eyes of his readers."

Farrell tries to show that Hicks's account of Melville and Whitman leads him to a contradictory judgment. He quotes Hicks to the effect that Melville wrote in irrelevant terms and ". . . . Melville paid his price—part of which was the failure to win disciples *in the following generation.*" (My italics all the way through.) Then Farrell continues: "Mr. Hicks does not discover a similar failure in Walt Whitman. Whitman did have contributions to make to his times. But, he concludes, 'Many years were to pass before Whitman's importance could be fully recognized. The common men and women for whom he wrote were little interested in his poems; for them liberation meant the privilege of amassing wealth, and each of them dreamt of the day when he would be numbered among the rulers.' Here we have two fair examples of Mr. Hicks's powers of logic and dialectic, and of his curious capacity to spring non-sequiturs upon his readers. Melville failed to win disciples because of his irrelevant content, while Whitman failed to win disciples because of his relevant content. Such criticism, I submit, makes no sense." It is Farrell who makes no sense: for Hicks has shown that Whitman *has* won disciples even though many years after his death, while Melville has *not* won disciples even in the following generation, even *today.* And Melville's irrelevance and Whitman's relevance have much to do with these results.

Farrell attempts to discredit Hicks's method of interpretation of Dreiser, Anderson and Lewis: "Discussing what he calls the writers of the middle generation, Mr. Hicks says, 'There is not a single writer of the middle generation whose work is not vitiated by faults that may be more or less directly traced to the instability of the basic economic situation.' I'm not so sure. What instability of the basic economic situation makes *Winesburg, Ohio* a less great book than most of us consider it to be?" Farrell's question about *Winesburg, Ohio* is not so difficult to answer as Farrell believes, but it should be noted here that Hicks, in Farrell's own quotation, is speaking about the *writer* and not about a single *book.* Surely it is not difficult to show that Anderson and Dreiser and Lewis reveal more or less directly the aforementioned instability. Why, even Farrell, if he stopped using the tactics of the literary gutter, could do it.

In trying to prove that Hicks is confused, Farrell quotes him on Dreiser: " 'We are grieved, of course, by such things as Dreiser's clumsiness. . . . But his confusion is genuine, and it is *never more apparent* than when he is trying hardest to formulate a philosophy. . . .' Here Mr. Hicks gives himself away. He confuses the formal philosophy of a man with the artistic quality of his work, and stress is on the former." Not at all. Hicks had said that Dreiser's confusion is never more apparent than in his explicit formulations, that does not mean that it is not *also* apparent, implicity, in every page Dreiser has written.

Farrell attempts to show that Hicks hasn't mentioned every author Farrell thinks he should have included. While making the general observation that Hicks's volume of some 300 pages does not profess to be an exhaustive history but rather an essay, one should also note that Farrell expects Hicks to write about Henry Roth's *Call it Sleep* even though that novel had not yet appeared when Hicks completed his book; and that Langston Hughes and Randolph Bourne, of whom Farrell could find "no mention" are very definitely included in Hicks's treatment.

I could cite many more instances of similar distortion "in the face and eyes of his readers." But it is more important to find out why Farrell does this kind of thing. I believe the left-wing literary movement has been too much on the defensive before Farrell. Farrell evidently considers himself a "tough guy." To coddle him is not to teach him but to lose him. His every blunder and distortion should be candidly exposed; and if he has any "guts" in him he will learn how to read, how to write criticism, and how to understand Marxism.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

A Novel of Spain

THE OLIVE FIELD, by Ralph Bates. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

UNLIKE Ralph Bates's first novel, *Lean Men,* which has a not altogether credible English revolutionary as hero, *The Olive Field* deals solely with the people of Spain. The result is undeniably a book much more unified in tone than its predecessor. Francis Charing brought into *Lean Men* countless echoes of recent British literature, the novels of the bright young men, the religio-sexual obscurities of the D. H. Lawrence school, the Marxism-cum-mysticism of Middleton Murry and his ilk. There is none of that in *The Olive Field.* Bates takes the mysticism of Robledo and even the mysticism of Father Soriano more seriously than he needs to, but at least their notions grow out of the soil that is the novel's scene and are not transported from a foreign land. *Lean Men* is, as its subtitle states, "an episode in a life," the life of a wayward member of the British intelligentsia. *The Olive Field* is a novel of Spain.

It is, whatever Spaniards might think of it, a novel that completely convinces the outsider. Most of the action takes place in a little village, Los Olivares de Don Fadrique, in the southernmost part of Spain. Don Fadrique, the principal landowner, is more interested in sixteenth-century music than in agriculture or politics. He is quietly incompetent, a vestigial survival from the feudal past. His major-domo, on the other hand, Indalecio Argote, brutal though he is in the exploitation of the peasants, loves the olives and is a master of agricultural lore. But the story is principally concerned, not with Fadrique and Argote, nor with the priests, the worldly Martinez and the ascetic Soriano, but with the workers: the Caro family, the Robledo family, the Perez family, Diego Mudarra, Acorin, Molinos, and a score of others.

For nearly four hundred pages we see these people going about their tasks, and we come to know them and their village. Every phase of olive-culture is described with affectionate intimacy. The festivals are presented, not merely as picturesque pageants but also as occasions of strife between the faithful and those workers who have broken with the church. There are anarchist meetings, dances, gatherings of friends, the gossip of neighbors, the games of the children. Here is the many-sided life of agricultural Spain in the early years of the Republic.

The plot is simple. Joaquin Caro and Diego Mudarra are both olive workers and both anarchists, and they are close friends. After Mudarra seduces Caro's fiancée, they are estranged and only partly reconciled. They are chosen by the anarchists to blow up a reservoir, but Caro cannot consent to the useless destruction of crops. This begins his disillusionment with anarchism and he turns toward communism. Mudarra is arrested, tortured, and imprisoned. Caro marries Lucia, who has given birth to Mudarra's child, and they go to Asturias, where Caro works first as a miner and then in a warehouse, and becomes active in the Communist Party. Mudarra comes there after his release from prison, and he and Caro become involved in the Asturian uprising of 1934. Mudarra is captured and killed. Caro and Lucia escape, to return to Los Olivares and their work and their struggle for the revolution.

The way this story is told invites criticism. In the first 400 pages, devoted to life in Los Olivares, Bates often becomes so absorbed in details that he loses his sense of proportion, expanding minor incidents and merely sketching major ones. For page after page the story stands still to permit some bit of interesting but irrelevant description. Bates seems unable to keep hold of all the threads of his narrative, and characters weave in and out of the story inexplicably. Then suddenly the leading figures are picked up and deposited in Asturias, as if the author were determined to introduce the uprising at all costs. And, worse than that, he abruptly abandons his leisurely gait, apparently alarmed at the length of the book, and races ahead with a speed as bewildering as his earlier meanderings, until the uprising is reached, and he can settle down to a climax that, in itself at least, is magnificent.

It would be idle to try to deny that the book would be far better if it were free from these faults of construction. They seem, moreover, quite unnecessary, the sort of weakness that careful revision could readily have eliminated. But it will not do to exaggerate their importance. E. M. Forster says that if a novel bounces you into a sense of life, it is good. That *The Olive Field* does. One remarkable thing about the book is that the reader is never conscious of the fact that an Englishman is writing it. A Spaniard, as I have intimated, might well be aware of lapses of knowledge or insight, but there are none of the tell-tale touches of condescension or surprise. Always one is inside the life of Los Olivares.

At the present moment, with the future of Spain of such passionate concern to every revolutionary, one cannot read *The Olive Field* without emotion, for in the book one feels the driving force of the revolution. Bates does not show the workers as fighting simply for bread. His workers are complex human beings, capable of joy in their tasks, in their sports, in their loves. They are fighting not merely for the means of keeping alive but for the rich, abundant life of which they are worthy. In the olive fields, in the mines, or on the barricades, they are the builders of a new world. To know them as one does in this novel is to have confidence in that world. GRANVILLE HICKS.

In the Far East

EYES ON JAPAN, by Victor A. Yakhontoff. Illustrated. Coward-McCann. $3.50.

THE self-made little nation in the Far East that escaped the fate of other colored races and became one of the great powers, is not popular today with its former allies and old admirers. Standing in a gloomy stormlight portentous to civilization it throws the darkest and longest shadow on the international horizon. The race of artists has deluged the world with shoddy goods; overpowering the fragrance of cherry blossoms rise the war odors of nitrogen, sulphur and chlorine; fraud and violence rule the political and economic scene while the "ideals of Bushido" remain where they originated, in the imitative mind of a Japanese sentimentalist, jealous of the equally legendary Occidental "chivalry."

Most recent books on Japan or dealing with Japan in surveys of the Far Eastern situation, have been of a sensational exposé and alarmist nature. The most extreme, perhaps, is that by Upton Close. It raised the alarm that Japan's aim was nothing less than the conquest of the world. It drew a terrifying picture of a rapidly growing, energetic population, now numbering more than 70 millions, arming itself and organizing the hundreds of millions in Asia for this conquest. It gave a lurid account of the ideological and psychological arming of the Japanese masses through propaganda and religion. In this presentation the Japanese appear as a race deliberately maddened by a nationalist psychosis, adding to the reputed courage and endurance of the Japanese soldier the strange menace of this soldier as a disciplined lunatic. The great virtue of General Yakhontoff's book, aside from its exceptional readability, is that it avoids sensationalism and is continuously and soberly realistic.

The "miracle" of Japan's transformation from a medieval into a modern capitalist society is shown to be neither miraculous nor

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complete. Feudal elements survive. The land-holding nobility and its retainers mostly moved into the ownership of the developing industrial plant, and into the expanded government and military apparatus. To old tyrannies and discriminations were added or substituted the more critical inequalities of capitalist wealth distribution. Cultural advance, except in fields that served military and industrial purposes, was inhibited. Today Japanese breed faster but die earlier, work harder, and live more poorly than the people of other modern industrial nations. Industrialization itself is in a confusion of stages. In no other capitalist country has monopoly developed to such a point, or rationalization been so drastically applied; yet home industry and small plants are important in its industrial setup.

Industrialism and militarism have been linked in Japan from the beginning of the transformation, not only because they were linked in the Occidental patterns which it copied but in the circumstances in which the nation found itself. Its most abundant resource is its working class, which has been exploited mercilessly. In other essentials for industrial expansion, coal, metals and oil, and agricultural products, such as cotton and rubber, it is deficient. To develop its industries it has been obliged to victimize its people. To secure sources of essential raw materials it has been forced upon military adventures. To buy the materials for both its arms and its expanding general plant it has been forced to adjust its system on a foreign trade basis. The home market is undeveloped. A larger proportion of Japanese production is for export abroad than that of any other industrial nation. The exports are maintained by dumping. The dumping is at the cost of the peasants and workers who are atrociously underpaid, and are thus kept too poor to buy much of what they produce. The consequence of this unnatural economy is general misery among the masses, which one example will illustrate: a large section of the peasant population can maintain itself only by producing daughters for the legitimatized prostitution system of Japan. The living standards of the peasants and workers hover around the limits of endurance. For years now the situation has been so tense that the life of the nation proceeds, as in fascist countries, in a condition close to martial law. All classes show the strain. In no country is suicide so common, or political assassination so frequent. Threats of social revolution and threats of fascism are pungent in the air.

It is with such a strained economy that Japan pursues a dangerous international career. It has aroused the fear and lost the trust of the world by violations of and contempt for all forms of international agreement. In this respect it has sinned only as other imperialist nations have sinned; but it has done so in an international Sabbath of weariness and fear. It has been ruthless in taking advantage of war and crisis and has thus made all peoples its potential enemies.

Materially, it has gained much thus far—Formosa, Korea, Manchuria, the Pacific mandates now held without League of Nations sanction, part of Mongolia, and a grip on North China. Some have enriched its capitalists and colonial office-holders while the burdens of developing and garrisoning them are borne by the overtaxed masses. But the overbearing attitude of the Japanese colonial administrators and the greed of the exploiters alienate the colonial populations, and reduce their value as war bases and allies. As outlets for Japan's surplus population they fail; either they are themselves overpopulated, or for climatic or economic reasons they are uninviting to Japanese emigrants. As sources of raw materials they are far from sufficient to satisfy Japan's necessities, or to provide the resources for a prolonged war. At the present juncture, Japan advances in China and defies the world. The Soviet Union is not the only, though it is the chief announced objective of Japanese militarism. Japanese war advocates also propose "inevitable" wars against the United States and the British Empire.

However, the situation is not without checks. There is a ferment among the exploited masses. The ruling class is divided. A large section is nervous over the dangers at home and abroad; they appreciate especially the financial weakness of the nation with its multiplying national debt, and the incapacity of Japan for sustained war against any power with strong resources.

The Soviet writers, Yohan and Tanin, have well expressed the military position of Japan in the phrase, "the strong fist on weak muscles." Its powerful army, navy and air fleet constitute the strong fist; its inadequate financial reserves, its lack of raw materials, and the tension of its overstrained masses are the weak muscles. In a short war where a decision could be reached by a strong and sudden blow the fist would win; but in a long war that would require repeated blows, its weak muscles would lose. A section of Japan's ruling class is aware of this.

General Yakhontoff's book is valuable because it makes this clear, because it also makes clear the unbalanced character of Japanese commerce and the social costs it entails. The illumination is the product of a readable and very well coördinated study of Japanese history, topography, culture, ways of life, economy, political organization, and international relations. Tanin's and Yohan's two books, *When Japan Goes to War* and *Militarism and Fascism in Japan,* are more comprehensive and detailed, and go deeper into the situation; but for the general reader it would be difficult to suggest a clearer, more readable, and more timely presentation of this subject than *Eyes on Japan.*

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Eliot's Poetry

COLLECTED POEMS, by T. S. Eliot. New York. Harcourt Brace & Co. $2.50.

HALF this book is a reprint of Eliot's *Poems: 1909-1925.* That work formed the basis of the finest Marxist criticism of poetry in this reviewer's experience, D. S. Mirsky's essay on *T. S. Eliot and the End of Bourgeois Poetry.* Concerning this half of the present collection, it is sufficient here to refer the reader to the version of Mirsky's essay which appeared in the NEW MASSES (November 13, 1934), or, if he knows French, to the fuller statement in the files of the Paris magazine *Echanges.*

"What distinguishes Eliot," Mirsky sums it up, "is that with him a rare poetic gift is allied with a social theme of real significance, with indeed the sole historically valid and sincere theme accessible to a bourgeois poet of today. His contemporaries are but manifestations of the death of bourgeois poetry and civilization; he alone has been able to create a poetry of this death."

The risk run by such a poet is that of exposing himself to the infection of his material. Eliot, who has created a poetry of death, may survive to demonstrate, in his personal history, the death of poetry. In the poems from "Ash Wednesday" on, there is perceptible evidence of the fatal trend. There is repetition, if not self-imitation: the minor poems, "Eyes That Last I Saw in Tears," and "The Wind Sprang up at Four O'Clock," for instance, contain phrases that seem like scraps left over from their use in *The Hollow Men* or *The Waste-Land.* There is doggerel and triviality: Items IV and V of "Five-Finger Exercises," for instance, seem a bit unworthy of one who may aspire to saintliness, and the spectacle of an ascete copying the attitudes of Edward Lear is ghastly incongruous rather than genuinely comic or edifying. The much-admired choruses from *The Rock* seem to me to contain, rather than to be, poetry; taken as wholes, they illustrate what Eliot was talking about (in his introduction to Perse's *Anabase*) when he told us we needed a term to complete the series verse, poetry, prose.

If we elevate Eliot above his contemporaries and entitle him the ideal classical poet of an age in break-up, we do not thereby intend to accept his own valuation of himself as classicist—a romantic and pathetic

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gesture in the teeth of his time. But his genius, unusually sensitive to an atmosphere of disintegration, has contrived to resist its attraction by his art, to make aesthetic use of the phenomena of dissolution. He has a power of dealing with fragments; both in their invention and synthesis, Eliot has elevated the status of the fragmentary from accident to design. "These fragments I have shored against my ruins" runs the last completely intelligible sentence of *The Waste-Land;* and in subsequent work he seems to take comfort in their creation as well as in their use. Thus we have before us fragments of an agon, fragments of a prologue, unfinished poems, five-finger exercises as such: "Ash Wednesday" includes scraps of the litany, the choruses from *The Rock* of the *Te Deum,* "A Song for Simeon of the Nunc Dimittis"; and elsewhere can be found, as mentioned, lumps of Edward Lear, or Gertrude Stein.

> Where shall the word be found, where will the word
> Resound? Not here, there is not enough silence
> Not on the sea or on the islands, not
> On the mainland, in the desert or the rain land,
> For those who walk in darkness
> Both in the day time and the night time
> The right time and the right place are not here
> No place of grace for those who avoid the face
> No time to rejoice for those who walk among noise and deny the voice.

Here, too, there are signs of a reduction of temperature from the white-hot fervor of energy which fused and smelted the scrap-metal in *The Waste-Land* to a durable poetic amalgam. Or, to vary the metaphor, what we are permitted to see at times now in Eliot is the undigested substance in the crop of the dissected bird rather than its conversion to formal discharge of energy in poetic flight.

There is more light and less heat in Eliot now, more radiance and less candor, but whatever details of weakness appear in his work are in it, rather than of it. They are there as tendencies which will perhaps be magnified and accelerated as Eliot attains to that state of senile blessedness to which he professes to aspire; at present they reside in him only in the same sense that a man in the prime of life houses, barring accident, his own peculiar dissolution, predictable enough by the expert in prognosis.

"Little by little we see rising against the Laforguian atmosphere that pervades the verse of the young Eliot a poetry altogether different, freed from the vacillating ambiguity of the decadent, a poetry in which irony cedes before the tragic, and the sexual ambivalence of the consumptive is replaced by the renunciation of the aesthete." Eliot's later work confirms the accuracy of Mirsky's prediction. We are not yet beyond earshot of ambivalence: the "Sweeney" fragments in the present collection, placed after the "Ash Wednesday" and "Ariel" sequences, testify to the temptations assailing the soul, which "cannot be possessed of the divine union, until it has divested itself of the love of created beings." This, curiously, is the same note that sounds in the central philosophy of the American poet Jeffers—"Humanity needs to fall in love outward"; the same philosophy that Shaw puts in the mouth of his Ancients in *Back to Methuselah* applies to the aspirations of Eliot's art—"on towards a religion of pure mind, free from all vitalism, a religion purely spiritual, mystic in the strictest sense of the term, and also rigorously intellectual." Reaching the final impasse, bourgeois aestheticism is compelled to make the desperate attempt to transcend the inexorable laws of material considerations. In Eliot's case, as the attractions of high austerity and low vulgarity make war on each other, out of their conflict he achieves his finest poetry; his spirit announces "the completion of its partial ecstasy, the resolution of its partial horror" in the beautiful musical despair of the final poem, "Burnt Norton."

"All the arts," Eliot has quoted Pater to us, "aspire to the condition of music and their meaning reaches us through ways not directly traceable by the understanding." More than ever, Eliot seems to feel that words fail him; more than ever, he grows in his capacity to make them assume the functions of music. There is a sense in which the Collected Poems are one whole—a symphony, with deliberately introduced dissonances, with studied repetitions of theme and phrase (as, for example, the cry, "Resign, resign!" appears both in the political satire "Difficulties of a Statesman" and the simple nature lyric "Cape Ann"). How beautifully, in "Burnt Norton," Eliot winds the theme, from the simple statement that perhaps any dialectical materialist would accept:

> Time present and time past
> Are both perhaps present in time future,
> And time future contained in time past.

to the conclusion that any revolutionist might find difficulty in understanding:

> Words move, music moves
> Only in time; but that which is only living
> Can only die. Words, after speech, reach
> Into the silence. Only by the form, the pattern,
> Can words or music reach
> The stillness, as a Chinese jar still
> Moves perpetually in its stillness.
> Not the stillness of the violin, while the note lasts,
> Not that only, but the co-existence,
> Or say that the end precedes the beginning,
> And the end and the beginning were always there
> Before the beginning and after the end.
> And all is always now. Words strain,
> Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,
> Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,
> Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,
> Will not stay still. Shrieking voices
> Scolding, mocking, or merely chattering
> Always assail them. The Word in the desert
> Is most attacked by voices of temptation,
> The crying shadow in the funeral dance,
> The loud lament of the disconsolate chimera.
>
> The detail of the pattern is movement,
> As in the figure of the ten stairs.
> Desire itself is movement
> Not in itself desirable;
> Love is itself unmoving,
> Only the cause and end of movement,
> Timeless, and undesiring
> *Except in the aspects of time*
> Caught in the form of limitation
> Between un-being and being.
> Sudden in a shaft of sunlight
> Even while the dust moves
> There rises the hidden laughter
> Of children in the foliage
> Quick now, here, now, always—
> Ridiculous the waste sad time
> Stretching before and after.

How beautifully it is done!

We must not let ourselves become insensitive to this means of communication, no matter how thoroughly we are bent on understanding that the apparent motions of Eliot's art and the real motions are by no means identical. It would be too easy to let Eliot's sense of moral resignation conduce to our sense of moral outrage, and declare a boycott on all his works: but if Marxist criticism of poetry is presumed to partake of the nature of economic science, it would be poor economics. To that science, wrote Engels, "moral indignation, however justifiable, cannot serve as an argument, but only as a symptom." Eliot is not a proletarian poet, nor has he urged a classless society even in heaven. Still, he is a prophet of revolution; he has written, with poetic authority too great to be questioned, the elegy of an age that is passing. Let us not be so boisterous shouting our war songs that we fail to hear from the citadel of our enemies the cry of capitulation. ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

A Land of Log Shacks

HEAD O' W-HOLLOW, by Jesse Stuart. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE country of which Jesse Stuart writes is an isolated region in the hill-land of eastern Kentucky. The people live primitively, and mostly at a mere subsistence level. Homes are log shacks with sometimes a leaky roof and the only bed the dirt floor; meals are often scant. Work from sun-up to sun-down, in fields most likely rented, must be supplemented whenever possible by hiring out in other fields at as low as twenty-five cents a day, by washing for townspeople at fifty cents a day, by the uncertain sale of handicraft articles, or by health-destroying labor in a sawmill or on a railroad. And still there is near-starvation, no money for a doctor when sickness comes, debts, the threat of the poorhouse—or at best, dependence on

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one's children in old age. Children are born at an almost fabulous rate, but many die. Superstition, illiteracy, inequality of women, brutal contempt for the Negro, bawdiness and feuds—these are life in W-Hollow.

I gather all this from Jesse Stuart's stories, for on the whole he is soundly realistic in surface detail, but I remain in doubt whether he regrets these facts. Certainly he makes no protest against the society which produces them. Rather he seems to say: When there is so much of natural beauty to enjoy, when the good earth yields us food even if not easily or abundantly, when the fellowship of one's neighbors alleviates bereavement and hardship, when one can escape altogether from facts by telling a tall story, why waste time regretting? He has kept towards his home environment a spirit of wonder, a delight in mere immersion. Even in the few instances where the bitter economic struggle or the unescaped degradation is a central theme of his story, he conveys little sense of the tragic waste of life involved, and no realization that this waste is not a natural necessity. In most of his stories he concentrates on the merely picturesque, the whimsical and lyrical.

To say that Stuart, by failing to give expression to the social and tragic implications of his material, misrepresents the fundamental character of life in W-Hollow would be true, but the important thing, perhaps, is the source of his failure. Essentially he is one with the people he portrays. Like them, or the dominant type presented, he is possessed of a proud independence and animal vitality, a deep-rooted stoicism and piety. His people are scornful of pity or assistance. He is not inclined to ask it for them.

Within his limits, with all his romantic provincialism, Stuart has marked talents. As in his earlier book of poems, *Man With a Bull Tongue Plow,* he shows a rare faculty for drawing sharp pictures and an earthy folk quality of imagination. He has, too, a genuine narrative power, and a capacity for characterization up to a point. Both these are limited by his conception of life as basically static. It is to be regretted that he does not get sufficiently outside himself and W-Hollow to give us a representation of his people animated by a deeper humanity, and a sense of direction. His work would then become important.

KATHERINE ELLIS.

Skoal and Farewell!

FINLAND, THE NEW NATION, by Agnes Rothery. Viking Press, $3.
SWEDEN, THE MIDDLE WAY, by Marquis W. Childs. Yale University Press, $2.50.
CONSUMER COOPERATION IN AMERICA, DEMOCRACY'S WAY OUT, by Bertram W. Fowler. Vanguard Press, $2.00.

IT seems that we are heading rapidly toward a new cult of the Vikings. Nice people everywhere—particularly those to whom the very thought of "class struggle" is anathema and un-American—are casting glances full of admiration and envy in the general direction of Scandinavia. In that legendary homeland of the Nietzschean "blond beast" the domesticated God of the bourgeoisie is in his heaven and all's well with the capitalist world. A thrilling spectacle! Millions of gallant, intelligent, and oh so well behaved people, advancing surefootedly toward Utopia along a broad, beautifully paved and policed boulevard, set amid landscapes of idyllic charm and flanked on both sides by magnificent structures each of which bears on its facade some variant of the magic word: Coöperative.

In these three books the reader will find glowing accounts of that "middle way" which the enthusiastic Mr. Childs offers as our only escape from *both* fascism and Communism. Taking first the handsomely illustrated travel book by Miss Rothery:

On the credit side you will learn much about the history, culture, people, customs, natural resources, architecture, and the so-called "planned economy" of Finland. All this reads well—so well, in fact, that only an informed person will wonder why there are absolutely no references to the outrageous treatment of the Finnish revolutionary, Toivo Antikainen (just resentenced to life imprisonment on a framed-up murder charge); why the White Guard General Mannerheim receives such high praise; and why, in the chapter on the Finnish composer Sibelius, there is no hint of the fact that this "patriotic" artist was honored in Berlin by the Nazis, amid a sea of swastikas and to the sounds of "Nordic" music. Of considerable interest is the chapter on Finnish nationalism: here we get an account of the 7,000 coöperative organizations which have developed since 1901, and which cluster around one or another of the ten great key groups from the "S.O.K." to the "Elanto." That there are still plenty of troubles in this northern paradise is admitted by Miss Rothery herself when she refers to the exceptional amount of unemployment "among the intellectuals," to strikes, and to "a more or less constant dissatisfaction with the wage scale." And the further facts that nearly 60 percent of the land in Finland is still in firm private or corporate (including church) ownership, and that Finnish trade is to a great extent dependent upon British needs (and German favors) do not augur well for the future of the coöperative movement in this northern country. As an antidote, turn from Miss Rothery's idealized picture to the elaborate special supplement on Finland issued by the hard-boiled *Trade & Engineering,* published by Lord Astor's London *Times.*

In his much-discussed book on Sweden, Marquis W. Childs does a much better job. Better because Mr. Childs definitely set out to discover all he could about Sweden's remarkable adventure in coöperative economics, and because he presents his information in an orderly and temperate manner. Disclaiming at the outset that the "middle way" represents "even an approximation of Utopia," Mr. Childs nevertheless firmly believes that, thanks to the activities of "K.F." (the Coöperative Union) and its numerous subsidiaries, the Swedish people, *as consumers,* have succeeded in getting capitalism under control. Certainly the story of the rise and expansion of "K.F.," the early struggles with private monopolies, its shrewd and brilliantly successful propaganda among the people, its astute business deals with and against a horde of capitalist competitors in every field from electric power to groceries—all this reads as though, given the right leadership and a loyal popular support, the entire structure of capitalist economy can be "liquidated" without recourse to violence, Marxism, or the class struggle.

With Mr. Childs's exceptionally rich factual material there can be no quarrel: as a report of things accomplished by coöperatives in a country still relatively immune from the virus of imperialism (which, however, is already affecting it through the penetration of British trade and through a highly artificial boom created by European rearmament) his book has permanent value. Where he goes wrong is not in his admiration of coöperation as an instrument of social security, but in his complete failure to understand that no amount of *consumer* action within the capitalist framework can have ultimate success without the organized support of the producers (that is, labor) in breaking away from both the economic and political consequences of the private ownership of the means of production.

The same lack of realism is evident in Mr. Fowler's compact and very informative study of the coöperative movement in the United States. Along with detailed accounts of the various developments in consumer, credit, and farm coöperatives (which today embrace about two million beneficiaries out of 125,000,000 total population) goes an "idealism" which is difficult to swallow. With a gigantic area of the country literally burning up—grains, livestock, and all—there is small comfort in the feeble "triumphs" of the farmers' coöperatives; nor will the average hard-pressed consumer (of everything from potatoes to electric current) get very

On the Jewish Question!

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far when he learns that coöperation represents "the love principle of economics" and that it agrees "with the religious tenets, not only of Christianity but of all the teachings of the great religious leaders of the earth."

The real history of coöperatives (ignored by all of our authors) may be condensed in a sentence: In Italy and Germany, finance capital, through fascism, utterly destroyed a coöperative movement which embraced scores of thousands of units and reached five million people; in the Soviet Union a worker's government has rolled up a membership in cooperative groups exceeding eighty millions of beneficiaries. The moral would seem clear enough.

Coöperation is *not* the exclusive business of consumers; it is the *inclusive* business of all who contribute by their labors to the production of our social wealth. The attempt to offer it as a "middle"—that is, reformist—way out of the contradictions of capitalism can result in nothing but disillusion and disaster.

HAROLD WARD.

Our "Foreigners"

ALIEN AMERICANS: A Study in Race Relations, by B. Schrieke. Viking Press. $2.50.

THE author of this book, a Dutch colonial administrator, was imported as an expert by the Board of Trustees of the Julius Rosenwald Foundation to make a study of American "race problems." He confesses blandly that one of his major qualifications that moved the Board to bring him here was his ignorance: "Although the problems the Board wished me to study were entirely foreign to me, since I had never visited the United States nor had I ever met an American Negro, the Board regarded these handicaps as an advantage, as a guarantee of unbiased opinion." To overcome this handicap, the Board gave him many contacts with authorities with safe biases, and his research largely consisted of talking to these men and reading their books. As far as original research is concerned, he recounts only that he made occasional visits to crucial areas "some of them extending over *several days*" (my italics). The resulting book is inevitably a regurgitation of others' views spiced with a few half-digested guesses by the author.

Schrieke shuns the term minority peoples, and thereby gets into a jam at once by his use of the designation "alien." He applies the term not only to unnaturalized foreign born (be they Europeans, Orientals, or Mexicans) but also to Negroes, who have been here for generations, and even to American Indians. He gently chides Americans for their condescending attitudes toward the foreign-born, but manifests comparable sentiments at every turn. In his expository material he is repeatedly frank and honest enough to present evidence of the stark brutality, cupidity, treachery, wholesale murder, slow starvation, political disfranchisement, overt exploitation, and social ostracism that is the root and the fruit of America's policy toward minority peoples. But the significance of his accounts of oppression is muted by his interpretations. He adopts, for the most part, the shallow social psychological approach popular in American academic circles, which fiddles with stereotypes like "social disorganization" and "social distance" while lynched Negroes burn and their families go hungry. His main interest is in social attitudes and in educational policy, not in fundamental economic and political questions.

It is not that Schrieke has no "solution" for alleviating the dire plight of the Negro and poor white of the South. Evidently among his contacts was Allen Tate or other members of the pellagra school of literary men who have recently taken up economics, and he has formulated their program in a beguiling manner. The "legend of the plantation" must be replaced by a "free peasant economy" under which the new peasant "will do as the old peasant did, produce his own food and feed for his stock. With his fruit, maple syrup, cream and butter, homecured hams, cereals and vegetables, he will provide himself a healthier and more abundant diet than he has ever known." This is not only fantasy; it is reactionary utopianism. For such a program of local self-subsistence by peasants on small plots means the frustration of modern agricultural technology and a return to a medievalism that was marked not by plenty but by famine and starvation. The Communist alternative of collectivization of agriculture is not discussed by the author although he attempts to disparage the influence among Negroes of the achievements of the "Soviet experiment."

The book is, moreover, marked by hazardous psychological generalizations, which are at times mutually contradictory, as when Schrieke speaks of the Negroes' "innate hopefulness, their faith in a bright future" and directly thereafter expatiates upon their "feeling of inferiority—which as a matter of fact often is pathological and is impressed on their whole bodily appearance and demeanour." And the author, because of his faulty knowledge of English, speaks of Mexican immigrants living "in outhouses that have no facilities for housekeeping"!

BERNHARD J. STERN.

Brief Review

VERSE OF OUR DAY, Compiled by Margery Gordon and Marie B. King. D. Appleton-Century Co. $2.50. The compilers of this quaint collection have the temerity to call their book *Verse of Our Day* and then promptly proceed to fly in the face of their title. How, under the circumstances, any book can display so presumptuous a name is understandable only if we consider that the verse of this book was, in all probability, gathered with an eye on the textbook buyers of the public high schools.

Divided into lovely, convenient divisions: Trees, Water, Memories, The Sea, Flowers, Birds, etc., it contains no "verse of our day" from the pens of MacLeish, Spender, Auden, Kreymborg, Patchen, etc., etc.

In the face of such criminal omission, it is considerably more than mere "brass" to affix so inappropriate and mendacious a title to this precis of futile and pretty poesy.

D. MANNERS.

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The Screen

The "March of Time" and the Sharecroppers

THE *March of Time* has been the subject of numerous discussions in this department. And each time it was my unpleasant duty to speak of this most effective news feature in harsh terms. But when I learned that *Time's* cameramen were being practically run out of Arkansas in their effort to film the plight of the sharecroppers and, on the other hand, of the sincere coöperation given the camermen by the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, I hoped that I would be able at last to speak highly of an issue.

Although the current relase (No. 8, Second Year), which contains the sharecropper sequence ("King Cotton's Slaves") contains very many commendable things, it is nevertheless basically anti-working class in character.

The sequence traces the history of the Tenant Farmers' Union and the eight million or so black and white contemporary slaves. It speaks of the New Deal and the benefits the sharecroppers didn't receive from the government. But it doesn't show (as did the W.P.A's *Triple A Plowed Under*) that it was the planter who benefited by these payments. There are shots showing the growth of the union and an interview with Gardner Jackson who was fired from the A.A.A. who says: "Well, one of the reasons we were fired is because Jerome Frank, Lee Pressman, and some of the rest of us tried to see that the sharecroppers got something approaching a square deal." And then on to the murder of Sharecropper Weeks and the flogging of Willie Sue Blagden and Rev. Claude Williams. And then later the film shows us the planters, who say: "Well, if they ain't got any sense to know that this union business is going to make things worse; we got to teach 'em." And how they set about to teach the sharecroppers with a reign of terror that even drove out *Time's* own cameramen.

But then the newsreel turns right around and gives Governor Futrell of Arkansas the opportunity to state: "I deny that there is any peonage in Arkansas and I defy any one of these outsider agitators to prove any one of their malicious falsehoods." Maybe the editors of the *March of Time* had their collective tongue in their collective cheek. But they are too subtle. The voice of *Time* goes on to say that: "It is plain today, that planter and the sharecropper are the economic slaves of the old South's one-crop system; that only basic change can restore the one-time peace and prosperity of King Cotton."

Note the nostalgic and reactionary character of the plea of the "good old times." The *March of Time* has, as usual, built up a beautiful case for the oppressed, only to tear it down with its ostensibly "neutral" policy.

It is impossible to maintain a so-called "neutral" policy in the documentary film. Its whole structure is basically propagandistic, and more than any other form of the cinema, it demands an uncompromising point of view. We have seen the results of hedging in the documentary film in the issues of the *March of Time* and notably in the Resettlement Administration's *Plough that Broke the Plain.* That doesn't mean the documentary doesn't have to be subtle to be successful. Joris Ivens's picture *The New Earth* is a good example of this.

But I am sure I don't know what the makers of the *March of Time* are going to be able to do about it. PETER ELLIS.

Current Films

Mary of Scotland (R.K.O.-Radio City Music Hall): Dudley Nichols wrote the script for this film from Maxwell Anderson's blank-verse play, and John Ford directed. For Hollywood, this film has very high standards; it is literary, the photography is richer than usual, sometimes quite imaginative, and some of the sequences are moving and exciting. Jack Shilk's musical score is pretentious and *cliché.* We could have forgiven the cinematic dullness if the characterization of Mary had some guts instead of a lot of phony sentimentalism. Although there is more social background in this film than in most screen biographies, the producers seem to have pulled their punches for the benefit of the Legion of Decency. Why are the horrible intrigues and bloody

The Spanish People's Militia — *Helios Gomez*

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battles done in the name of the "new religion" and the "old religion"? Is the American movie audience sufficiently acquainted with sixteenth-century English history to know that the major struggle of the period was between Catholicism and Protestantism? Florence Eldridge is quite diabolical as Queen Elizabeth; Fredric March's Lord Bothwell is as false as Miss Hepburn's Mary Stuart.

Suzy (M.G.M.): A mediocre war-time comedy about soldiers and spies. It ends with a jingo message that bravery "purifies war." No wonder Hearst is pushing this film in the *Daily Mirror*.

Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox): Unlike *Suzy*, this film is endowed with William Faulkner's and Joel Sayre's literate and sometimes sensitive dialogue. This makes its pro-war jingo propaganda more subtle than the former illiterate film. The story is based partially on a violent nationalistic French play the name of which escapes me, and resembles the older German war film, *The Doomed Battalion*. The story situations, in spite of their occasional mechanical brilliance, are entirely synthetic. The characterizations by big cast names—Warner Baxter, Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore—are in keeping with the artificiality of the plot. What is more important than the exposure of the film's artistic failings is the fact that this film, like *Suzy*, states that "bravery purifies war." Darryl Zanuck, the dynamic celluloid tycoon, saw to it that his film might be confused with the anti-war novel *Paths of Glory* by Humphrey Cobb, which Hollywood turned down—as it did *Bury the Dead*. It was encouraging to note that a great part of the first night audience hissed this film.

Rhythm on the Range (Paramount): A film composed of a series of vaudeville skits with Bob ("Bazooka") Burns and Martha Raye and a prize bull fortunately stealing the film away from Bing Crosby and his crooning.

We Went to College (M.G.M.) Occasionally it happens that a second-rate film isn't noticed much by the studio and the writers and directors are given a free hand. When that hapens the film is quite unusual. *We Went to College* is one of these accidents. It is a very bright and funny (slightly satirical) film on college reunions. P. E.

Theatrical Note

THE International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, through its Educational Committee, is offering $3,000 in two prizes for full-length plays of social content. The winning play is to be awarded $2,000; the play in second place will be awarded $1,000. If, in the opinion of the judges, both plays are of equal merit, prize money will be equally divided. Prize money is exclusive of royalties. If no play entered in the contest is considered worthy, no award will be made. The contest ends December 15.

Competing plays must be full-length, original, and deal with social conflicts in contemporary American society. They must be so treated as to express the aspirations of the labor movement without, however, "involving sectarian criticisms of any part of the labor movement." This does not mean that playwrights are to be limited in their choice of specific content; no aspect of American life, no stratum or section of American society is barred. The play, however, must meet the practical, technical requirements of the professional theater.

The decision of the judges will be by majority vote and will be based upon artistic merit, originality in content, and treatment and the validity of the play as a social document. The committee of judges will consist of Julius Hochman, Max Danish, and Mark Starr, representing the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, and eight others representing various branches of the theater, whose names will be announced later.

Between Ourselves

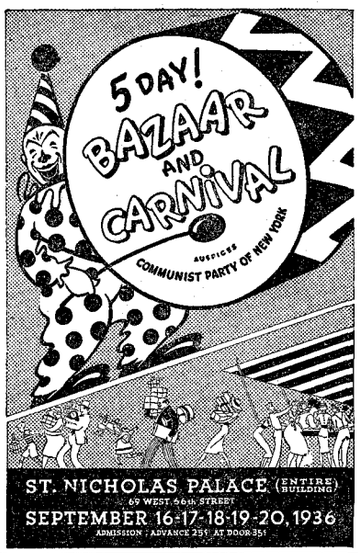
WITH three members of the staff devoting themselves to the running down of clues relating to the organization of criminal anti-Semitism, the NEW MASSES is able to announce a series of articles giving the latest news of this fascist trend and its relation to the political life of the country.

John L. Spivak's series on present-day conditions in Cuba will resume next week with an account of the underground labor movement in the Pearl of the Antilles.

The views expressed by leading American artists and writers in "Viva España Libre!" in this issue are only a part of the response we have received to a request for an expression of opinion on the Spanish civil war. Coming issues will bring to NEW MASSES readers more of these expressions of opinion. All artists and intellectuals who have not yet expressed themselves on this burning question are invited to do so through us.

Robert Coates's story "The Uneasy Mind," which appears in this issue, is part of a book upon which he is now at work. He is best known for his volume on the early days of the West, called "The Outlaw Years." He was formerly book critic for the *New Yorker*.

Helios Gomez, whose drawing appears on page 29 of this issue, is now commanding a battalion of Spain's Frente Popular militia in Barcelona.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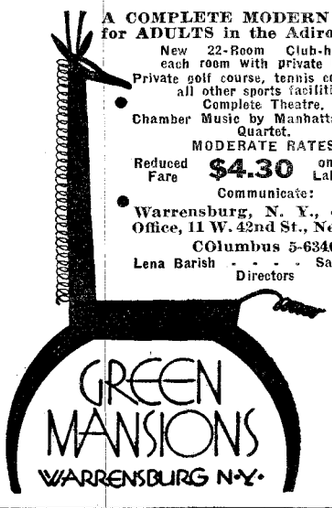

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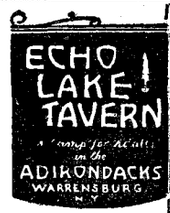

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